

CORONET

JULY

25c



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General Ike

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Eisenhower's life story

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Among the Americans who
served on Iwo Jima, uncommon
valor was a common virtue

Admiral Chester W. Nimitz

CORONET

Contents for July, 1945



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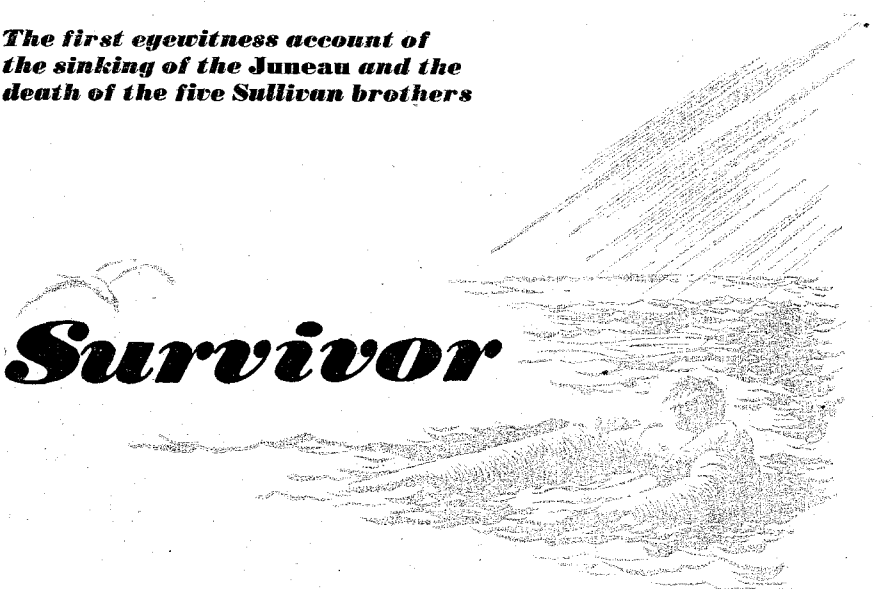
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**The first eyewitness account of
the sinking of the Juneau and the
death of the five Sullivan brothers**

Survivor



by ALAN C. HEYN, GUNNER'S MATE 2/c, U.S.N.

There is nothing special about the appearance of Gunner's Mate 2/c, Alan Heyn. He is a handsome, clean-cut boy of twenty, whose high school education was interrupted by the war. He happens to come from Washington, D. C., and he looks like a lot of kids you know. When he told us his story, he told it so simply and so directly that all of us listening felt very humble. He finished by saying he often wonders why he was singled out as a survivor when so many others perished. He said it makes him feel as though he owes someone a debt—though he doesn't know exactly what or to whom. After reading Alan Heyn's story, you may agree with us that it is rather we who owe the debt—to Alan Heyn and to all of the millions of American boys like him.

—THE EDITORS

RETELLING IT, I have the feeling of talking to my shipmates who went down with our cruiser, the U.S.S. *Juneau*. So many of them died so quickly that they couldn't have known what happened. They

wouldn't know how the others made out. And those who survived the first impact of the torpedo but perished after days in those Pacific waters—they were in such suffering that they couldn't have known all the answers either.

Maybe by this time those who died know all about it, where they are. This is just like giving the final box score, with the inning-by-inning play. Even the fellows who play in the game look at the box score later to get all the details.

It's a tough box score. Only ten lives saved out of more than eight hundred officers and men of the *Juneau*.

If I could send a message to any of those dead shipmates, I'd send a special one to the five Sullivan brothers. I'd tell George's four brothers that he certainly looked

for them. They'd like to hear that.

This is the way we got together to man the *Juneau*. One night at Newport News the order came to all H's—men whose last names started with H—to step up for duty. We were sent to a port in Brooklyn. We met the rest of the *Juneau's* crew there.

The cruiser pulled out of port. We H's had never been to sea before. I'd only had three weeks of boot training. We got plenty sick. Some of the fellows with other alphabetical listings got sick, too. The *Juneau* was so new that she didn't even have bunks. We had to sleep on deck. Those were the bad days at the beginning of the war. We had to throw everything we had at the Axis—quick.

I was seventeen then. I was in it, and I wanted to be. But I'd had a hard job joining up. Dad and Mom didn't want to sign their names. I was a junior in high school and I just stopped going to school altogether and hung around the house, arguing. Dad and Mom finally let me go. Maybe I was young, but a lot of other fellows didn't look any older.

We cruised to Martinique and kept an eye on that island. The pro-Vichy French were running the place then. They gave up finally, and we went back to the States and got bunks fitted in. Then to the North Atlantic for patrol duty, and later to the South Atlantic to do convoying to Africa.

Abruptly we landed at Trinidad and refueled. We were baffled when we left port, and all the other ships in the harbor lined up and gave us a farewell salute.

We knew what it was all about

when the skipper said one day, "We're in the Panama Canal." All of us yelled our pleasure. We knew then we were headed for the Pacific.

It was great to meet the carrier task force in the Coral Sea and it was thrilling to act as an escort ship for the *Wasp*. But it was terrible when the *Wasp* went down.

There were many other engagements. And finally there was Guadalcanal. In the night we slugged it out with the Japs there. We sank one of their subs—but we got it bad. We were torpedoed twice by Jap surface ships and battered by heavy shells. Our forward engine room was knocked out and the bridge was wrecked. Out of control, the *Juneau* ran wild in crazy circles.

Then we found ourselves between a Jap cruiser and a Jap battleship. They started shelling us from both sides. But in the night our after-control was put in operation. We sailed away, an injured thing, for a repair base. It was a lot of fun, leaving there, to watch the Jap warships. Neither knew we had pulled out. Each thought the other was us. They shelled hell out of each other.

The morning after that night—the morning of November 13, 1942, that is—we were sailing along smoothly and talking about our good luck. A machinist's mate wiped away sweat and said, "Luck sure played favorites last night. I'd just left the engine room when a tin fish hit us. God help the relief crew that took over."

It was then that the torpedo from a Jap sub struck—like some sneak blow we weren't expecting. The

Juneau shuddered. Then everything seemed to fall apart. With an incredibly loud explosion that stunned our ear drums, the fore part of the cruiser broke into pieces. The magazine must have been hit.

I was aft, on the fantail, at my ack-ack gun. I shot a quick look at the next battle station. George Sullivan stood there, at his depth-charge post, blinking. The anguish in his eyes told me what he was thinking. He was wondering whether any of his four brothers, up forward, could have escaped that awful blast.

All that was left of our cruiser was a piece of stern, on which some of us groped around in the smoke. Huge raindrops pelted my face. Or at least I thought they were raindrops. Actually they were gobs of oil. A flying missile struck my head and staggered me. My helmet saved my life. Shrapnel sprayed my legs, tearing cloth and flesh.

Our piece of ship up-ended into the air, then began to sink into the water. Men slid past me on the oil-slick deck into the sea. I saw George Sullivan go overboard.

At that moment a piece of superstructure pinned my foot to the deck. I couldn't pull free. The ship kept going down, taking me with it. The water was around my chest when a Mae West preserver floated by. Desperately I grabbed it. But my foot remained caught. I went down with the wreckage, still clutching the preserver.

Far underneath the water, my foot became loose. The preserver jerked me back to the surface.

Men were struggling everywhere in the oily water. Some were crying with pain. There were cries for

help. Some couldn't swim, and so the others helped them.

There was no trace of the *Juneau*. In the space of two impossibly brief minutes it was at the bottom of the sea, in pieces.

I spied a raft and swam to it. Other men were swimming to other rafts. Mine was a disappointment. The floor of slats was gone—apparently blown out. It was only a doughnut of canvas-covered balsam wood. But I hung on.

The thick oil on the water inflamed my eyes. It was a long time before I could see clearly. There seemed to be about a hundred men in the water—not many left out of a crew of more than eight hundred.

RAIN STARTED to fall. Some Flying Fortresses flew over and dropped low, and some of their crewmen waved. From the water we could see the masts of passing ships. We felt better. Help was coming at any minute. We were sure of it.

George Sullivan got onto our raft. He was taking it hard. He kept yelling, "Anybody see a brother of mine . . . a Sullivan?" Nobody answered. George swam from raft to raft, looking at the men. Most of them were so smeared with oil that they couldn't be recognized. George would pull up to a sailor, wipe the oil from the man's face, and stare at him. He kept looking.

Everybody on the ship knew the Sullivan boys. They horsed around with all the fellows. There was none of that ganging up of brothers against anyone. If a brother got into an argument, the four others let him handle the thing alone. They were friendly, quiet chaps.

I knew George the best because

he had been my instructor when I first went aboard, and because later he had his station next to mine. He was keen on hill-climbing contests for motorcycles. "I've got a swell new motorcycle back home I've never ridden," he used to tell us. "Wait till this war's over and I climb onto that machine!" Albert, twenty, the youngest, manned a machine-gun forward. Joseph, known as "Red," and Madison and Francis were on the main batteries. I suppose they were there when the torpedo hit us.

By night of the first day in the water twelve men were clinging to our doughnut. Three or four other rafts pulled up to us, and we managed to keep together and talk. It was a bad night. Nobody could sleep. We knew that if we dozed off we'd lose our grip. Then we'd be gone.

Morning came with a glowing sun, but it wasn't beautiful—not with what there was around us in the sea. Planes flew over us again. They helped a lot, keeping our hope alive.

But no help came. Some of the fellows, who had made the mistake of shedding their clothing, were terribly sunburned. The salt water didn't help that, either. We were hungry. We were thirsty. By night of the second day, the men on the other rafts were noticeably fewer. There were still twelve on ours.

Only half of the hundred survivors were alive when the third day dawned. The oil had thinned out, and the water became rough. The waves gave us roller-coaster rides. Thirst and hunger crazed us. But we agreed not to touch the

keg of water roped to the doughnut. We said we'd save that as long as possible.

Sometime during that third night a sailor took a drink of water from the keg. We discovered it in the morning, because he had forgotten to replace the cork. The sea water, seeping in, had ruined the whole kegful. Nobody accused anybody. We just tossed the keg adrift, so no one in a delirium would think it held fresh water and drink some.

THE FIRST death on our doughnut occurred on the fourth day—he had drunk salt water. We put his body inside the raft while we settled an argument. Someone insisted that we couldn't bury a body at sea without official permission! He was argued down. A Polish boy from Pennsylvania said he would offer the prayers. He began:

"Ojcze nasz Któryś jest w niebiesie . . ."

A delirious seaman cried: "What the hell kind of talk's that?"

He didn't know it was "Our Father" in Polish. But some of us knew, because we had heard the Polish boy pray before—many times.

The strange service ended. We pulled the dead man from the center of the doughnut to consign him to the sea. But in the movement, a piece of metal on the raft's side cut his leg. There was blood. Then the sharks came.

One of the monsters bobbed up in the center of the raft. He found himself trapped. Thrashing about, he ripped himself on the same piece of metal. Then his fellows attacked him. The raft became a maelstrom of whipping fins and tails.

With the sharks striking now, my

small knife came in handy. As sharks went by I would slash one of them, then scramble to the other side of the raft. His fellows would dispose of him.

Three other men also died that fourth day. Two started swimming to an "island" they swore they could see. We others weren't strong enough to stop them. One returned in a while, saying his companion had gone down. Then he too sank. A shark got him.

Later the Polish boy began mumbling about going to visit his mother. Suddenly he cried out, "I'm stung!" His arms began to swell and his face turned blue. He died. Some poisonous fish maybe. We didn't know how to say his Polish prayer. We just prayed for him in our own ways.

As time passed, the fellows talked incessantly. They talked mostly about home and the wonderful times they would have on their furloughs. After a while, though, as the situation appeared more desperate, everyone exacted a promise that if he died, the others would visit his parents and say he was thinking about them to the very end.

Some of the fellows became pathetically delirious. One sailor swam away from the raft, then returned with the story of meeting a woman on an island who gave him beer and hamburgers and buttermilk. Some believed it. One said: "We need buttermilk. We've had too much liquor to drink. Buttermilk will cure our hangovers." He took a two dollar bill from his pocket, there in the water, and asked me to go for buttermilk.

Then there was the seaman who

wouldn't let any of us speak all one night. He said he was in telephone contact with the *Juneau*. He kept shouting: "Here's your position, *Juneau* . . ." Then a jumble of figures and: "I'll flash the warning when the French get near." His dazed mind was remembering Martinique. He thought we were fighting the French, not the Japs.

Several fellows said they could see the *Juneau*, all ready for battle, below us in the water. One dived for a five-gallon can of peaches he said he had left in his gun turret. He came back and reported he couldn't open the hatch. Another persuaded two boys to go down with him and bring up hot dinners. When the three reappeared, the author of the plan railed at the others for knocking the tray from his hands.

ON THE fifth day, George Sullivan became noticeably weaker. He talked without stopping about his brothers and his motorcycle. That night he just drifted away. Another sailor said he was going to take a bath. He doffed his clothes and swam away. A fin streaked across the water toward the gleaming white body. The body disappeared.

There were only three left on the raft by the sixth day—two others and myself. We were lonesome and desperate. We decided that our only hope was to reach land. But we were so weak we couldn't paddle. Then a new danger arose—the balsam ring of our doughnut began to crumble away!

That night—the sixth night—the boatswain's mate left us. His sun-scorched skin was cracking, and he was in agony. He said, "I'd rather swim for land and go down than

try to keep holding onto this thing." He turned and swam away as if land were just around the corner. He never returned.

Just two of us then—a sad-faced young Mexican and I. On the seventh night he cried out: "I'm being stabbed! Somebody's pulling me. Hold me!" I grabbed him by the shoulders. But a giant shark had him. He went under, screaming. His head reappeared for a second, with another scream. Then down forever.

I was all alone—except for God. The sharks were all around me. I prayed and kept my knife working. It was good to have God there, right beside me. I talked to Him. I said: "Oh God, if I get out of this, I'll never argue with Dad and Mom again . . . I'll never stay away from school when this thing's over; I'll never miss a day . . . Just let me live to pay the Japs back. I want to even the score on the *Juneau*. A Jap sub got her. If I live, I'll go on a sub and even the score that way."

On the ninth day a noise brought me out of a coma. It came from a Navy patrol plane. Its pilot spotted me and waved. A few hours afterward a destroyer came and picked

me up. In the hospital the doctor said: "Lacerations . . . shrapnel wounds in legs . . . fractured foot . . . exposure."

Somebody told me later: "Too bad you won't even get a medal. Only your superior officer can recommend a decoration. And he's dead. That's the regulation."

I wasn't thinking of medals. I had learned that out of the eight hundred men on the *Juneau*, only ten of us had survived. All the five Sullivan boys were gone.

While I lay in the hospital, recovering, I told myself that I'd stick the war out to the end. Then I'd try to wipe away all memories of it—at least try to—and start in high school again and take up things where they had been left off. I remembered my promise to God, who had been beside me on the doughnut in my worst hours.

I joined the submarine service. Nothing will bring back the men of the *Juneau*. I only wish I could send them a message. I'd tell them that the war's going well. I'd tell them that just the submarines I, their old shipmate, have served on have settled the *Juneau's* score—many times over!

Pace Setter



GIVEN THE GO-AHEAD by the examining attorney, the witness proceeded to tell his story in his own words. "I says to him" and "he says to me" testimony poured forth with astounding speed. Just below the witness box the expert court stenographer raced to record the jumbled phrases and half-completed sentences in page after page of shorthand.

At last the witness paused for breath. Leaning towards the stenographer's desk, he gasped pleadingly: "Please slow down a little. I just can't keep up with you!"

—DAVID SOIBELMAN

Every day they save lives, but those little pills that look like aspirin have taken plenty, too

Benzedrine:

Two-Faced Drug

by J. D. RATCLIFF

IT IS FIVE O'CLOCK in the morning and the B-29 has been in the air twelve hours. It has dodged flak, pushed off night fighters and dumped its incendiaries in a fiery pattern over Tokyo. All that is over now. But still home is a long way off—four hours.

Three miles below, an unfriendly Pacific is kicking up 25-foot waves. The pilot doesn't like the sound of one of the port engines. Imagination, perhaps, but the engine still doesn't sound right. Nor does he like the thought of having to put several tons of airplane down on a bumpy landing strip that always seems to be at least two thousand feet too short.

To add to these difficulties, sleep is crowding in on him. Fatigue is seeping through his bones like an insidious syrup. He recognizes these symptoms and knows what to do about them. He takes two small white pills, the size of aspirins. Chemical magic begins to work. Within half an hour he is wide awake. His fatigue has melted away. His reactions are sharp and accurate. The pills have even cured

the trouble with the port engine!

The pills the pilot took were benzedrine. This drug is one of the most useful and at the same time one of the most dangerous medicines to come along in recent years. In the hands of physicians, benzedrine can do a dozen useful jobs not done by other drugs. In the hands of laymen, it can be pure grief.

See the warning given by the American Medical Association's Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry. "When used by the public as a pep-up drug to ward off the effects of fatigue, the conditions are present for establishing benzedrine addiction. We may well remember that cocaine was used for centuries before its addiction properties were recognized, that heroin was used as a cure for addiction to morphine. Recognition of addiction has always lagged considerably behind the introduction of a new drug."

So here is the danger. Thousands of men in the Army, and particularly the Army Air Forces, are learning to use a new drug. They have seen how it sweeps away fa-

tigue, increases self-confidence and gives them a sense of well-being. Are they going to forget all this, once they are back in civilian life? The cold fact is that a great many of them aren't.

At the same time, the Army needs no defense for its liberal use of the drug. In a great many instances the difference between sleepiness and alertness is the difference between life and death. A man who dozes off in a jungle foxhole may never wake up again. An error in judgment on the part of a fagged-out pilot can crash a valuable bomber and kill all crew members.

So there is your choice. You have a drug which has the ability to brush cobwebs from tired brains and put new life in weary muscles. By using it you are running the risks of addiction. By not using it you are risking sudden and violent death. The Army has made its decision.

It issues the drug to bomber crews who must be constantly alert on long missions. It is in the escape kits of pilots who parachute to the ground in enemy territory and may have to spend long wakeful hours attempting to get through enemy lines. Jungle fighters know benzedrine as a trustworthy friend, and

so do thousands of other troops.

In one Marine Corps test, men were given the drug and managed to keep awake for sixty hours. During this time they were keen, alert. They managed a high output of energy on forced marches and other tasks. Men who underwent the same test without the drug were somnolent wrecks.

In this connection, note one fact. Benzedrine is not a substitute for sleep. It merely postpones the need for rest. The man riding high on benzedrine still has to pay his body back the honest sleep due it.

Benzedrine is a close chemical cousin of two old and familiar drugs: ephedrine and adrenaline. Ephedrine comes from the Chinese plant *mahuang* and is chiefly used in the form of drops and sprays to open congested nasal passages. Adrenaline comes from the adrenal glands of animals and is a violent heart stimulant. It supplies the instantaneous energy needed by a tiger to leap on a prey, by a man to swing a haymaker at someone who steps on his feet in the movies.

Both these drugs constrict blood vessels, thereby elevating blood pressure and slowing heart action. They are valuable in treating people who get too much anesthesia on operating tables, and in kicking new life into victims of shock and drowning.

Benzedrine has much the same action. In addition, it acts as a stimulus for the central nervous system. It does other things as well. It slows passage of food through intestines and kills appetites by reducing hunger contractions of the stomach.

This latter action makes it a

J. D. Ratcliff is one of the best known medical writers in America today. This is his first article for Coronet, but there will be others, for we think you'll like J. D.'s rare talent for presenting complicated medical themes in a way that can be understood by the layman. Since he began free-lancing in 1938, he has contributed chiefly to Collier's and The Reader's Digest, in addition to editing the annual Science Yearbook, published by Doubleday. His most recent book is "Yellow Magic," the story of penicillin.

powerful aid to physicians treating obesity. A five milligram pill taken half an hour before meals destroys appetite to a point where patients can get along comfortably on the tiny meals allowed on reducing diets.

Results of this reducing treatment have been little short of spectacular. In one series of cases in Philadelphia five hundred patients lost an average of three pounds a week. In a larger series—twelve hundred patients in New Jersey—there was an average weight loss of 26 pounds over an eleven-week period.

BENZEDRINE has been similarly valuable in treating alcoholism. It lifts many people from the severe depression that seizes them when they give up alcohol. It has also been of value in combating some of the depressions of insanity. Although it isn't a permanent cure, benzedrine helps in temporarily relieving symptoms of narcolepsy—uncontrolled desire to sleep.

All these uses, remember, are under careful supervision of physicians. Doctors issue no more than a few days' supply of the drug at a time and are in a position to watch for toxic reactions. If they develop, the drug can be stopped. Laymen, of course, aren't equipped to make these careful observations.

Calamity has overtaken a number of people who have obtained the drug through bootleg channels and used it casually.

One college student took thirty milligrams, had convulsions and collapsed. After a bad siege in the hospital, he pulled through. Another student wasn't so fortunate. For a week, he took doses of the

drug before daily examinations. This student died.

An infant swallowed a half dozen benzedrine tablets by accident, died a few hours later. There have been several other cases where overdosage of benzedrine has caused general collapse, death.

A grim picture of what takes place in these cases is given by monkeys. A single five milligram tablet, the usual dose, is enough to kill a small monkey. The drug causes a general wreckage of internal organs. The heart is dilated and kidneys and liver are congested. There are scores of small internal hemorrhages.

On the score of addiction, the case against benzedrine is not too clear. Yet a few cases have come to light and they are probably representative of many others. The drug addict, remember, very rarely walks into a doctor's office to tell the dreary little story of his own weakness.

One of the cases on record is that of a man in a southern town who got benzedrine to conquer his alcoholism. The drug was successful in that it banished all desire for liquor. But desire for benzedrine became overwhelming. Without it, the man was a jittery wreck. He had merely substituted one dangerous habit for another.

A similar case came along in New Jersey. A woman who was grossly overweight took benzedrine to curb her appetite. After six months of this she was depending on the drug. When it was cut off, she was thrown into a state of depression. She was miserably fatigued by the slightest physical effort. She depended on benzedrine just as much as

any morphine addict depends on that drug.

No one can say for sure how widely benzedrine is used. But there is considerable evidence that it is taken widely by college students. Many businessmen depend on it to snap them out of hangovers or put them on their toes for business conferences; and women foolishly use it without medical supervision for reducing.

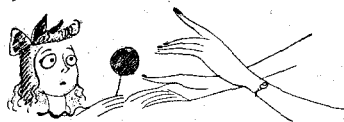
The Food and Drug Administration recognizes the widespread danger and is prepared to criminally prosecute anyone making sales without a doctor's prescription.

At the same time there is no doubt that thousands of these illegal transactions take place.

So the score adds up: in the hands of military doctors benzedrine has time and again demonstrated its value as a saver of soldier lives. It has unquestioned value in reducing and in boosting people out of melancholic states.

But these virtues don't make it safe in the hands of laymen. People who use benzedrine casually and find they can tolerate it run the risk of becoming addicts. Those who can't tolerate it are courting severe injury or death.

Don't "Don't" Your Children



SOME "DON'TS" for children are essential, such as "Don't play in the street," or "Don't start fires!" But from a few solid "don'ts" it's all too easy for parents to start every sentence with the word. Soon your child is living a life of total prohibition, and secretly trying to figure out ways and means of escaping all these "don'ts."

Let the youngsters grow up enjoying, as far as possible, the same kind of freedom which you, the parent, delight in. They'll copy you anyhow, for you can't conceal your real self from their observing eyes and ears. It's absurd to think that as long as you have a lot of apparent faults, you are going to prevent your children from acquiring these same faults merely by telling them: "You can't have this" and "You can't do that."

Be yourself. You're a god to your children, so keep the amount of negative direction down to a minimum. Don't shout at them—it only makes them want to disobey. Don't hoodwink

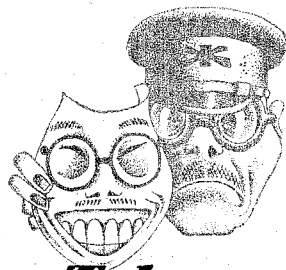
them with lies and deceptive promises—they quickly get wise to you. If you have to lie about something to try to make a child not want it, you automatically prove he's entitled to it.

The best system is the simplest. Tell the truth! Your boy can't go with you to the office for the day because there's no one there to look after him. Your young daughter can't accompany Mom and Dad to the theatre, because she'd fall asleep before the play ended. And besides, she'd be the only girl of her age in the place!

If you really want to be decent about your children's wishes, some evening you can describe the interesting things that happened at the office. Or the morning after the theatre you can tell your little daughter what the play was all about. You'll please their childish hearts and tickle their vanity, and more than that, you'll save them the scourge of perhaps the bitterest "don't" of all—"Don't bother me."

—JAMES T. MANGAN

The world's worst soft soap opera
dribbles noisily from Japan—to the
amusement of GIs and civilians



Comedy From Tokyo

by DEAN JENNINGS

RADIO LISTENERS in northern California last summer voted by a ratio of fifty to one to hear a radio program cautiously offered as a public service by Roos Bros., a San Francisco clothing store.

The headliner of the show which got this surprising and lopsided endorsement was not a great crooner, nor a sparkling quiz show, nor even one of radio's top comics. The show was what you might call a soft-soap opera—and the star was the voice of the enemy: Radio Tokyo. And as a result of the people's vote, the program went on the air in California with the full approval of the United States government and has since been rebroadcast daily in a half dozen cities from coast to coast under the title "Lies from Tokyo." In fact, *Variety* calls it a "winner in entertainment and education."

Behind this seeming triumph for the enemy masterminds is one of the most colossal fiascos of the war—the failure of Japanese propaganda aimed at American troops overseas and the American people at home. There is no more ironic

indictment of the failure of Tokyo's efforts than the fact that free Americans are eager to hear enemy propaganda, and get it with the hearty approval of Uncle Sam.

Today, after four years of the most intensive verbal barrage since Herr Goebbels first invented modern methods of distorting facts, Radio Tokyo is still in the kindergarten stage and pedaling backwards faster every day. In psychiatry they call it regressive phenomena, or return to childhood behavior. The GI Joe's and their families at home put it another way—baloney. And any doubts on the subject were removed recently when Tokyo screamed to the world the results of a "strictly scientific test" which they tried to say proved why the Nips can't be licked.

"The world adopted an eyesight table at the International Optometrist Convention in 1909," the announcer began, "stipulating the eyesight of a normal man as 1.0. But our test shows that the eyesight of a normal Japanese is from 1.2 to 1.5, or 25 per cent higher than

the Anglo-Saxon. Japanese Army and Navy men have eyesight of 2.0 and can see ten miles farther than Anglo-Saxon soldiers. Thus American forces are lost in the dark and the Japanese close in on them."

About the time this clear-visioned announcer was straining his eyes over this script, some near-sighted B-29 pilots began massaging Tokyo factories — including big optical plants that are busy day and night making thick glasses for Jap officers so they can see Americans lost in the dark. Even the Japanese people are beginning to doubt this kind of amazing propaganda nonsense, and the Tokyo Board of Information subsequently was impelled to scold the entire nation for its attitude.

"The announcements from Imperial Headquarters," the official microphone hissed throughout Japan, "are incomparably accurate. And that's all there is to it."

But that isn't all.

Sooner or later, about the time there's a rush for hara-kiri slicers, the Japanese man-in-the-street will discover that his government has violated a basic principle known to any successful American merchant—know your consumer before you try to sell your product. Japan has never understood the thinking or the humor or the ideals of Main Street and Broadway. And therein is the essence of the most extraordinary flop in the sinister history of propaganda.

In the opinion of American experts, Japan began its psychological warfare determined to emulate the old Maestro of Berlin. The Japanese had the men, the money, the equipment and the ambition. They had everything but the Goeb-

bels subtlety, the Goebbels perception and the Goebbels brain. And the whole operation went haywire from the very start.

The Japs dropped their false whiskers as early as March, 1942, with a gargantuan boner announcing the death of Manuel Quezon, president of the Philippines. When no one denied this scoop, Tokyo shrilled that Quezon had been murdered by American interests and our government was covering this "foul deed." On the third day Washington casually revealed to the world that Quezon had escaped and was then en route to the United States. Tokyo didn't bat a slant eye. The phony murder story, said Tokyo, was started by the Australians.

During this same period the Japanese fakers made themselves look silly to the rest of the world by flatly announcing that they had bombed New York and San Francisco, that General MacArthur was using poison gas, and Admiral Kimmel had been sentenced to death. Also, the entire American Navy had been sunk—not once, but twice.

As it developed, the Tokyo propaganda menu was obvious to the Office of War Information and other American government agencies long before it was thoroughly cooked.

Briefly, these were Tokyo's aims: (1) Make American troops homesick and impel them to quit. (2) Split the Allies by playing them against each other. (3) Promote class conflict in the United States and encourage isolationism. (4) Sustain the fantasy that the Japanese are a

nation of lovely people and pound home the thought, particularly in Asia, that the United Nations are slave hunters. And (5) demonstrate Japanese superiority as the symbol of Asiatic prosperity.

These were fancy dishes and called for expert chefs.

But Japan, a nation of children playing children's cruel games, was limited to a mud-pie outlook and first-grade logic. And from the very first their propaganda has been unpalatable, murky, indigestible and crude. They operated on the theory that Americans are a nation of perverts, that our statesmen deal in profanity and off-color stories, that we idolize our women beyond reason, and that because we read comic strips we are suckers for a fairy tale.

They have always been baffled by American slang, and they lack those priceless ingredients of tolerance and human understanding—delicacy and a sense of humor. Only the Japanese, who encourage the use of opium to enslave people, would stick their necks out by attacking—guess what—our national pastime of chewing gum. One of Tokyo's editors actually editorialized in the *Manila Tribune* as follows: "The chewing of gum is an American institution calculated to distend and develop an executive jaw, in lieu of a truly firm human character." *There* is something that Mr. Wrigley has entirely overlooked in his advertising.

Tokyo uses a half dozen English-speaking announcers to beam Japanese gems to the United States and to our troops, including two women. One of them is the much-discussed Tokyo Rose, a honey-

voiced siren who some believe is the former Alice Jay Little, an American girl who married the infamous Jap diplomat Kurusu. The other is Frances Hopkins, shrill, indelicate, and unidentified. The men include Charles Yoshii, a University of Oregon graduate and one-time free lance announcer in California; Frank Stevens, a German national; Reginald Hollingsworth, an English expatriate; and John Holland, traitorous Australian newspaperman. Latest reports indicate that Holland is now persona non grata and indeed may have joined his newly adopted ancestors.

RECENTLY Jap spokesmen told the world there was no known defense against the suicide dives of Jap pilots, and that these tactics accounted for high enemy losses disproportionate to their own. But in the rewritten version for home consumption Tokyo said plaintively: "This bodily crash tactic, of course, is not advantageous for our wild eagles."

Incidentally, it is not mumbo-jumbo that makes former Premier Tojo bend over when he walks. It's the weight of his medals. Believe it or not, the Japanese made that claim in May, 1943. "The six decks of service bars on his manly breast," the statement said, "no doubt account for the little stoop of his shoulders. This, in turn, gives one the impression he is short, which he is not. When he draws himself to his full height, he is about five feet five inches tall."

As the war progresses, with Japan's final destiny clearly limned, observers familiar with Japanese propaganda have noted an almost

lurid tendency to sheer fantasy. There are not only the familiar fabrications about the number of American planes and ships destroyed and glorious Jap victories, but they've got Superman on their side too. In January of this year, for instance, Dr. Hideki Yukawa of Kyoto Imperial University, had a dream which he described on Radio Tokyo.

"I saw a streak of cloud in the clear sky," he related. "It is coming out of a large cave on a certain mountain. In the cave there is something like a large chunk of iron. The cloud extends way out toward the East, crossing the Pacific, and is falling on Washington, the capital of America. Suddenly a terrific pillar of flame shot up into the sky. Together with the terrific explosion, the town of Washington is blown into small pieces. I woke up. What I saw was probably a deadly ray."

Ten days later Dr. Yukawa's dream was the highlight of an hysterical broadcast from the Jap station in Tokyo. But this time no one mentioned the story as a dream. Now it was a fact. Hot scientific news. The Japanese had invented a death ray which could blow up Washington, and would use it almost any day now.

"It can thus be seen," the announcer yelled, "that the boastful Yankees have no monopoly on important inventive genius!"

Even Bob Hope, the gamin of gags, is a Tokyo weapon.

One night, while broadcasting during a heavy rain storm in Hollywood, Hope kidded the Chamber of Commerce about the unusual moisture. "The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce won't admit it's raining," he said. "They say it's

just a bunch of bad boys squeezing oranges on the roof." Radio Tokyo, never initiated into the mysteries of the American wisecrack, hastened to announce that Los Angeles, site of many aircraft plants, was being ravaged by storms that uprooted trees, broke power lines and even contributed to war plant strikes. And they quoted Bob Hope!

But the propaganda line has blown its main fuse in the one spot where the Japanese government hoped it would shed light—the combat zones where there are guerrillas and where the American Army fights.

In Manila, to turn the calendar back a moment, the Jap propaganda machine flooded the city with leaflets, magazines and doctored photographs. They instructed their soldiers to kiss Filipino babies and give away candy. They kept all the movie houses open at low prices, running ancient American films until the celluloid cracked so they could get an audience for their own fallacious flickers.

Unfortunately, MacArthur's army came back to Luzon and upset the apple cart. Even then the Tokyo chameleons said joyfully: "Very good that Americans invade Luzon, because now Japanese can annihilate them in large numbers."

During these "annihilations" the Japanese propaganda presses ground out millions of leaflets with the hope of persuading the GI to drop his guns and go home. One of them was a poorly drawn picture of an "American girl," the short-bob vintage of 1922, wearing a sweater and a beret. "Soldier," the caption read, "she is waiting back home. She does not want you

dead. Give up and go home." As one battle-worn Marine said, in a quaint critique: "I wouldn't pin up this dame in my dog house."

But Tokyo continued printing the stuff, and said: "Victory is right around the corner—but it will probably take years."

Last year, after listening to Tokyo's Alice-in-Wonderland tales for a week, astute manager Don Feddersen of Station KYA in San Francisco had an inspiration. He saw that Tokyo's programs, taken in large doses, clearly revealed what makes the Japanese tick. Why not make this X-ray available to any American listener interested in the enemy's thinking? Feddersen and two of his men, D. E. Gregerson and Bill Brown, hurriedly put together a sample show. They recorded four solid hours of Tokyo's choicest whoppers, boiled it down to ten minutes, added five minutes of debunking commentary, and took the finished platter to Roos Bros.

The clothing firm was enthusiastic, and the idea was cleared by OWI and the Office of Censorship. Then advertisements appeared in

all the San Francisco papers asking readers to vote on this question: "Would you like to hear Radio Tokyo's Daily Propaganda Broadcasts?"

Letters poured in, and in four days 97 per cent of the store's customers voted favorably on the idea. The program made its debut on August 11, 1944, and has been on the air continuously ever since. Stations in Los Angeles, Chicago, New York and other cities subsequently duplicated the show. It is significant that Tokyo, completely misunderstanding our motives, has never put up a squawk about this program.

Meanwhile no vacation is in sight for American monitors who transcribe Japanese propaganda, unless precision bombing eventually cracks up Japanese communications and scatters the master station in Tokyo. They are content for the moment to consider the poetic justice in the international call letters assigned to this 150-kilowatt monster.

Radio Tokyo is just another way of saying Station J O A K, pronounced exactly the way it reads.

"Among My Souvenirs"



A TRAVELER IN IRELAND stopped for a glass of milk at a little thatch-roofed cottage. As he sipped his drink he noticed a brick and a faded rose under a glass dome on the center table. "Why do you cherish that common brick and the dead rose?" the visitor asked his host.

"Shure, and there are certain memories attached to them," was the reply. "Do you see this big dent on my head? Well, it was made by that brick."

"But the rose?"

"The rose is off the grave of the man who threw the brick."

—*Highway Traveler*

As familiar as the handwriting on a letter from home—and almost as welcome to American fighting men—is the voice of Bing Crosby



A Garland for **bing**

by SIDNEY CARROLL

A SOLDIER in a bed at a base hospital raises his good hand and looks at his watch. It's 7:29. Time to turn over. There's no nurse in sight, and he doesn't want to ring for one anyway because he figures he's been bother enough as it is. So he makes the whole tremendous move himself—he turns from his back to his side. It takes a long time—a good thirty seconds. Finally he makes it. Now he's in position to reach over to the small radio on the table by his bedside. His hand slowly lands on the knob. He turns it on, and in a few seconds there is a voice oozing out of the radio—first a buzz, then a faraway echo, and then the full voice saying: "... tonight, as every night at this time, the voice of Bing Crosby." The soldier looks again at the clock on the wall. 7:30. Just right. He smiles, and closes his eyes, and listens.



FAR, FAR AWAY from home, in the jungles, in the hospitals, on the beaches, a man has things that

keep reminding him of home. Even in the jungles he may have ice-boxes, radios and ice cream not every Sunday—but some Sundays. No matter where he is he's never absolutely bereft of the things that look like home to him—razor blades, the label on his shoes, "Mfd. in U.S.A." or the pictures in his wallet of loved ones. All these things are important to him, in their way. But of all the things that can lift a man out of the jungles and the hospitals and the beaches and start him dreaming of the things that are really home, two things are better than anything else. One of them is a letter from home, and the other is the voice of Bing Crosby.



IT IS THE night before the battle, Mother. Twenty men sit around in the wardroom of a ship. The radio is going full blast. The ship is steaming ahead in convoy and tomorrow morning they will be hitting the beaches. Six men are sitting in various corners writing letters which they will give to the chaplain before

the night is over. If those men never come back from tomorrow's battle, the chaplain will mail the letters for them. Eight men sit over at one table playing a game of Monopoly. Four men are reading books from the ship's library. Two men near them are playing cribbage. All of this is the sort of thing you will find in any wardroom on any ship any night of the week—men writing, men playing games. But this night on this ship happens to be different from all other nights, for not a single one of the men here assembled is doing any talking. Even the ones playing Monopoly are unusually silent. Each man in the room is thinking—not of Monopoly, or cribbage, or even of the farewell letter he may be writing. He is thinking of his chances of survival in the morning. The only voice in the room is the one coming over the radio. It is saying, “. . . disposal of forces on the Western front. Relentlessly, invincibly, our armies marched against the vaunted strong points of the Siegfried Line. The German position was hopeless. Prisoners by the thousands were disarmed and were sent to . . .” One of the men writing a letter suddenly slams his fist down on the table and shouts at the top of his lungs: “Cripes! Turn that thing off and get something decent. Get Crosby!”

DOES THIS sound silly to you—a little disillusioning, perhaps? You think of our men fighting, dying, for a glorious cause, crusading against the legions of darkness, flinging themselves heart-whole and

soul-free against the barbarian. It is nice to think of them as they are on the posters—in their blue eyes the concept bright and pure, like a vision of the Holy Grail. Is it disillusioning to learn that such men, the cream of our young manhood, on fire with the justness of our cause, will elect to spend the night before the battle listening to the lovesick notes of a crooner?

IT IS AN open air theatre in a cleared space on the New Guinea shore. The movie goes on at 7:30. It's only 7:00, but the place is beginning to fill up. Australians are here, and New Zealand flyers, and black natives stand in the rear, but mostly the upturned barrel seats are occupied by Americans—in khaki, in blue dungarees. They sit impatiently, for the movie is the thing they look forward to all day. “What's the show tonight, Joe?” “Hedy Lamarr.” “A-a-ah!” They wait, and gradually the rest of the seats begin to fill up. But there is a great deal of impatience here. Twenty minutes to go before the picture starts. Suddenly, out of the silence, over the loudspeaker, the first notes of an orchestra blare forth, and then Crosby's voice comes on. The projectionist in the booth is killing time by playing Crosby records. Now there's no more fidgeting; there's a kind of relaxation seeping through the place. The projectionist plays another Crosby tune—and another one. Then he looks at his watch: 7:30. Time to begin. He stops the record right in the middle, snaps all the lights off, and reaches for the gimmick on the mo-

tion picture projector. But from the new darkness in front of him there comes a wail: "Hey—the hell with the picture—let's hear the end of that record!"

WE DO A LOT of talking about morale. At all costs we must keep the spirit of the men high. One way we do it is to keep them in touch with home. We send them movies, we send them Hollywood stars in the flesh, and jazz bands. We send them cigarettes with little notes attached: "Just to let you know we're thinking of you." All this is part of a generous design: to make the boys feel they are, after all, not so very far away from home. And it all helps. But the best reminder of home you can give a man, the thing that will sound more like home to him than anything else, is, first, a letter from home—and second a record with the voice of Crosby on it. Singing *Stardust*, say.

THERE ARE two officers on a tiny island in the middle of the Pacific. They have a handful of enlisted men under them. Their duty is to maintain the airstrip on the island. One of the officers is a doctor, the other is an infantry lieutenant. They have been on that island caring for that airstrip for nine months. I asked them how they managed to keep from going "island happy"; for the legend is if you stick on these atolls long enough you start climbing trees and throwing coconuts. The doctor said, "Well, we have our jobs to do, that keeps us busy.

We do some reading and a lot of letter-writing. We go swimming and fishing—and of course we do a lot of talking about home. That's the best way of all. The more you talk about home the less you think about this place." He spoke very slowly and very seriously. "Then," he said, "we have a lot of records we play all the time. Gershwin. Gems from musical comedy. Crosby. Things like that."

IT IS A U.S.O. show in one of the Fiji Islands. There's a big GI audience, a couple of thousand men. Down in front, squatting on the ground, are forty or fifty natives from the districts—the big heads of frizzy hair, the black skin, the extraordinary bodies. The young man on the stage is doing imitations. He imitates Lionel Barrymore, Bette Davis and Mrs. Roosevelt. After each imitation he is greeted by a nice round of applause from the GI's. But the natives down front sit immobile and expressionless. They don't know what the young man up there is doing. But then he begins to imitate Bing Crosby, and the natives down front almost go into hysterics. They roar with delight. One of them points a long black finger at the man on the stage. "Bing!" he shouts, "Bing!"

WHAT IS IT about this one voice that conjures up the necessary visions in so many millions of hearts? Well—"I useta listen to Crosby on the jukebox in Reinheimer's drug store back home—'hey, Maxie, put

Skylark on next, willya?"—so when I hear him now he makes me remember Reinheimer's drug store. Then I remember him singin' on Thursdee nights back home over the Atwater Kent in the parlor, so when I hear him now I think of my family sitting around in the parlor Thursdee nights."

They all tell you the same sort of thing. It is the voice they heard so many times in the blackness and the brightness of the Acme Theatre back home—alone they heard it then, or with a hand in theirs to hold. "You know the way a certain song reminds you of a p'ticular time and place? Well, Crosby's voice to me is always like the certain song—I mean instead of a song that brings me back it's the voice—you know what I mean? No matter what he sings."

Besides, they were all brought up on Crosby. Heck, the guy's been up there for a good fifteen years! Fighting "men" we call them, but they are mostly in their early twenties, and the idol of their adolescent years was Crosby. He was singing when most of them were lisping their first songs. He was singing for

them when they learned their way around the Lindy Hop and the Big Apple and the jitterbug. His songs were a part of grade school, high school and college days. Is it any wonder there is nostalgia in his voice for so many of them?



A RADIO MAN in a foxhole nestles down for the night and does a trick he learned from another radio man. He takes a razor blade and a safety pin and he does things with them. Then he connects a set of earphones to the gadget. He fiddles with it, and curses it, and suddenly—luck!—he hears a voice coming over his preposterous foxhole radio. Crosby singing *Day Dreaming*. The soldier settles down in one corner of the pit and closes his eyes and smiles. A soldier in the next hole shouts across to him: "Hey, Jimmie, does yours work? I can't get a damn thing on mine!" Jimmie folds his long body into a tight knot in one corner of the foxhole and closes his eyes. "Shut up," he says, and smiles. "I got Crosby on mine. Don't wake me up. Let me dream . . ."

Changing the Tigers' Stripes

COLONEL ROBERT L. SCOTT of Chennault's famous 23rd fighter group relates this tale of the "Flying Tigers" ingenuity. The men painted the noses of their ships orange in the morning, white just before noon, red in the afternoon and yellow just before dusk. Then they spread high, wide and handsome tales of the tremendous number of planes they had. Just as planned, the Japs got hold of the information.

"Ah," says "Scotty," "we got great satisfaction out of hearing Tokyo say we had been exaggerating—that we had only 300 planes in that theater.

"The total American air force on that field was just sixteen fighters."

—LAWRENCE N. GALTON

Your personality can attract or repel, do good or evil—but it's never overlooked

The Mystery of

PERSONALITY

by CHANNING POLLOCK

SIR HENRY IRVING once took Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree to inspect some scenery in the Lyceum Theatre. Alighting from a cab, Irving instructed the hansom driver to wait. When the two actor-managers emerged, however, deep in conversation, they began walking away. "Sir 'Enry!" the coachman called after them. "Sir 'Enry! I'm your 'ansom driver!"

Irving stopped in astonishment. "And you remembered me!" he exclaimed. "How very remarkable! I should never have remembered you!"

Tree told me this story as an instance of Irving's unawareness of his own exceptional personality. No one who ever saw the man could possibly have forgotten him and, thinking of him and of countless others of whom that is true, I often wonder why. O. S. Marden, in his book, *Masterful Personality*, refers to "this indescribable, indefinable, mysterious personal atmosphere," and adds, indisputably, that it "is a tremendous power which draws people to, or drives them from us."

Very often, this "mysterious personal atmosphere" manifests itself almost in infancy. We are even attracted or repelled by extremely young children. Some years ago, in the Luxembourg Gardens in Paris, I left my wife with friends and

strolled over to watch the youngsters on a crowded merry-go-round. From a considerable distance, one of them appealed to me so strongly that I called to the others of my party and asked them which of the thirty or forty boys and girls astride the wooden horses struck them as most likely to amount to something in life. Without hesitation, they all picked the girl I had singled out. We have no way of knowing whether we were right, but certainly that child had an "electrical emanation"—again quoting Marden—that the others lacked.

I could endlessly multiply this example, especially among actors, with whom that emanation counts for so much. In an early comedy of mine, *Such a Little Queen*, an actor in the role of a clerk was supposed to come upon a stage full of chattering girls and, silently, to pilfer a fifty-dollar bill from an envelope. No one in the audience ever looked at him, and the performer protested that he couldn't divert attention from the gay group on the opposite side of the stage.

As this was important, our director, that fine actor, Frank Keenan, volunteered to play the part one night. From the moment of his entrance, he held the attention of the audience, but Frank couldn't tell his colleague how he accomplished the feat, nor ever enable

him to accomplish it. One man had this "mysterious atmosphere"; the other had not. Frank became a noted star, and the other is still an unknown bit player.

It would be difficult to think of any successful man or woman who lacked this personal magnetism. Obviously, it was strong in Abraham Lincoln, but attributing that to Lincoln's remarkable features and manner, one recalls that it was almost equally strong in Robert E. Lee, whose features and manner distinguished him very little from dozens of other officers.

It would be easy to say that this attraction is the result of innate and perceptible goodness, but it is by no means limited to the good and kind and noble. It was the great power of the evil Russian monk, Rasputin, and of the Italian statesman, Machiavelli, who was personally repellent, given to insulting sarcasm, and yet "lived on terms of intimacy with worthy men."

Speaking for myself, I am persuaded that what, for want of a better word, we call personality, has its root in difference from our fellows. That difference may be one of good or bad, though it is more likely to be of good. The ordinary goes unnoticed. Of all the big and little people I remember vividly, not one was commonplace, or a conformist, or could be fitted into a mold. One forgets the yes-man and recalls the reasoning dissenter. The man or woman with strong and intelligent convictions, or with strong liking for his fellows, is the man or woman we single out—and remember.

Most recipes for the development

of personality and personal magnetism, I suspect, are written by quacks and charlatans. As my wife's aunt, an old actress, said of schools of acting, "You can't teach people to think or to feel, and, without thinking and feeling, there is no art."

THE FIRST recommendation in any personality formula, I am convinced, should read, "Be yourself." There is no quick and easy aid in following the advice of others, or in imitating them. Personality and personal magnetism are so rooted in intelligence and character that the aspirant who would develop the first two must begin by developing the last two. No superficial alteration or pretense will turn the trick. What one thinks and feels must be genuine—and deep.

Complete sincerity, I believe, is an indispensable quality of personality and personal magnetism; the greater the sincerity the more pronounced the personality and personal magnetism. I had rather be passionately wrong than tepidly right. Enthusiasm, too, is indispensable. So is self-confidence—based on experience. In a sense, this constitutes the justly celebrated vicious circle, or recalls the old question, "Which came first, the chicken or the egg?" Is self-confidence the result of success, or success of self-confidence, and does magnetism come of accomplishment or accomplishment of magnetism? A little of both, perhaps.

As a matter of fact, I wonder whether magnetism isn't chiefly the result of friendliness—of love of human kind. Of knowing people, and understanding them, and ac-

cepting them for what they are; of mixing freely and on equal terms with men and women of all sorts, and in sympathy and affection and open-mindedness.

This doesn't mean that one has to have an angelic disposition or a non-combative nature. Far from it. Magnetism and personality, whether one has them or not, are not the qualities of a Caspar Milquetoast. They are not grounded in negative attributes of any kind, but in creative thought and positive action—in being, and doing, and giving of one's best. That's as true of the average dinner guest as of the celebrity. What hostess ever remembered or sent a second invitation to the guest who relaxed

and left others to entertain the company?

This force which, as Marden says, "eludes the biographer and evades the camera," undoubtedly comes from our depths, and we can develop it only by developing ourselves. Like electrical power which lights our homes, such electricity is created *within* the dynamo, not by creating a ribbon on a wire, or retreating to say this or that. Certainly, the spark with which most of us would seem to be born is worth fanning into flame. Beyond doubt, this personal attraction is the most potent element in our misery or happiness, failure or success. It is a lubricant that makes living a life easier.

Intemperate Zone



A SALESMAN, SPENDING the night in a small Wisconsin village, wandered down to the railroad station around suppertime and found a large crowd of men waiting for the 6:16 train. None of them had a suitcase, but they all silently piled on the coach. Puzzled, the salesman turned to the station agent and said, "Now come. The pink-cheeked old man peered up slyly. "Stranger, ain't ya? Well this here village's dry, ya know. 'Taint so at the next stop, four miles down the track. So the boys go down there most every night and come back on the 8:30."

—ROD VAN EVERY



DURING THE AFRICAN CAMPAIGN Prime Minister Churchill arrived one sundown at the tent of General Sir Bernard Montgomery, hungry and thirsty—particularly thirsty. He made his wants known, giving a drink of whisky number one priority on his list. The general—a noted teetotaler—said reprovingly that he personally considered alcoholic drinks exceedingly harmful. "Moreover," added Monty, "I don't smoke, I eat very sparingly, I get regular exercise and am therefore in perfect physical condition."

Churchill reflected briefly, then solemnly replied, "I eat whatever I can get, General. I smoke from early morning until late at night and never under any circumstances indulge in exercise. And I, too, am in perfect condition." Then eyeing the discomfited Montgomery mirthfully, he added, "And now, General, what about that drink?"

—EVELYN DOBBS HYND

Friends... Americans... Countrymen



IT HAS TAKEN a lot of words to make America. The tongue and minds of men and women and children have been grooved by speech about what they believe; about what they want and what they intend to build, and the many things that they do not understand . . . only feel.

It has taken a lot of listening to make America: one man standing easy before another and answering him in silence: "You're right about that" . . . "You've got something there" . . . or "You're nuts" . . . "You're off the beam."

But another thing has been part of America's making, and will be part of the future no less than the past: a learning when not to listen; a learning how to let the pompous word and the snake-cruel word blow themselves away as the wind blows. There is no need to attend to the fat spieler who could talk until Kingdom Come and yet say nothing—except that he wants a job that he can't have unless we mark our X after his name. There is no need to attend to the hate-monger. His words are but tools for doing what we don't want done . . .

It has been our American will to let many people stand up in places

above the heads of the crowd and put themselves on record; say out their say: stand on the street corner soapbox; stand up in the pulpit; stand on the forum platform; stand on the pine-board, flag-draped platform put up in the public park for the Fourth of July celebration. We have let them talk. And hearing

the many words, the wise and the foolish, the brave and the scared, the cruel and indifferent and generous, we have learned—or are slowly learning—to know words.

We are learning that those we must hear with our minds and hearts are those that

don't sound wrong when we put them beside the words of our daily work; the words of our wry humor; the words of our games; the words of a man saying out straight to a neighbor what he believes, how he intends to vote; or the words that move in the private mind of a man who lies full length on the grass of the good earth.

Tomorrow is being shaped by today's words: the words we speak, and the words that hold our attention. The future of men and nations is safe only if we know which words to welcome into our minds . . . and which to leave to the clean sweep of the wind . . .

—BONARO W. OVERSTREET

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

*Painted by
HERMAN GIESEN*

Second in a series
by favorite American
illustrators commemorating
well-known
days of the year.



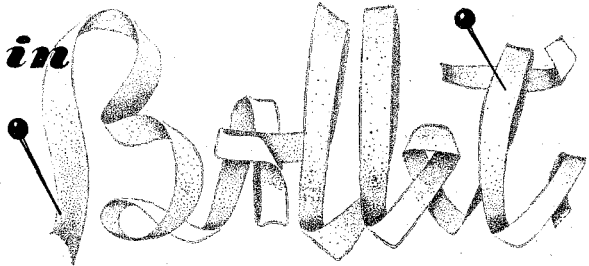
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No longer a cold and classical art, ballet has become a musical, a stage show, a dance recital—all in one alluring package

Boom in



by FRANCES ROCKMORE VELIE

ON THE STAGE, three sailor boys in tight pants caper to a juke-box tune. In the background is a bar, complete with stools and table. Some girls come in. The boys try to cut each other out. There is the gay horseplay of youthful flirtation.

Burlesque? No. Nor musical comedy. It's ballet—the new American ballet, as American as ham and eggs or the wad of gum under the seat. And as prosperous as a Broadway hit show.

Three major troupes, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, the Ballet Theatre and the Ballet International will play this year to an estimated million persons in some 192 cities. What's more, they stand every chance of splitting a "standing room only" take of more than two million dollars among them.

The ballet has become an accepted part of musical comedy; it has found its way into every movie dream sequence, has even invaded the circus with elephants as ballerinas. Ballet schools have mushroomed all over the country.

But ballet wasn't always like this. When it first came to America

as an immigrant art some years ago, the wise boys on Broadway cast a dubious eye on the eager little ballet girls and their duck-like ballet waddle. American cash customers had already written their opinion of ballet in letters of red on the wrong side of banker Otto Kahn's ledger.

Kahn had attempted to raise America's cultural level by importing Serge Diaghilev's Russian ballet troupe complete with Nijinsky and Lopokova—but the only thing he succeeded in depressing was his own pocketbook.

Banker Kahn's ballet was for the appreciation of those who knew their ballet—and were willing to pay twenty-five dollars a seat for the privilege of watching the precise and beautiful leaps and pirouettes whose classic form had come down straight from the seventeenth century French court.

But in 1933 something happened to ballet. An impresario, S. Hurok (it's always S. Hurok, not Solomon Hurok, even when Hurok is referring to himself), decided to eliminate snob appeal from the art. And

so quickly can a taste for caviar be developed when it is sold on the 25-cent special that within the year Hurok knew he had first rights to a gold mine in his newly imported Ballet Russe.

"S. Hurok," he himself will tell you, "is the father of the ballet in America. Everybody knows S. Hurok brought the ballet to America, and vice versa." And if you think this makes S. Hurok sound a lot like S. Goldwyn, you're right. They even look alike.

To begin with, Hurok played shrewdly to the mass taste by charging reasonable prices. And in 1933, the first year, he lost only 85 thousand dollars. In 1934 he broke even, and in 1935 came the golden landslide. Since it pains Hurok to talk of money (he loved Pavlova because in all the years he managed her she "never once disgusted money") you can't get the figures from him. But it was enough to make S. Hurok, as his friends declared, "a small millionaire."

Thus, the ballet has become a prosperous business. Along the way, too, it has branched away from the pure French tradition nurtured for centuries in Russia and has become an alluring American hybrid: a musical, a straight stage show, a concert and dance recital all rolled in one.

The audience laps it up. They want to know how long this has been going on—and they come back for more.

Perhaps they will see, with its uninhibited pantomime, the psychological theme of the rejected spinster, in *Pillar of Fire*. The meanings of lonely night-time tossing on a tear-stained pillow, of aching

fidgeting on a crumpled bed in an empty room is brought home by the ballet as no other medium can do it. The dancers wear the long grey dresses of an era that knew how to frustrate its women.

Or perhaps Salvador Dali's *Bacchanal* is on the program. It has the ancient theme of Leda and the Swan—but hang on to your seat. You won't be bored, but you may be piqued to see a satyr knitting a red sock, while other satyrs with lobster tails hanging from their red tights, open umbrellas on the stage as King Ludwig dies.

Of course some of the old classics—like *Swan Lake*, *Les Sylphides*, *Giselle*—are still on the program. There are still those who believe that these old classics are the backbone of the ballet.

CONTRARY to the impression that the ballet dancer is a panty waist, he must have more endurance than most athletes. Ballet stars do as much running during an average performance as in a three-mile race and for good measure throw in some broad- and high-jumping. What's more, they've got to do it as if it were no effort. They must not pant or show other signs of fatigue after lifting a 100 to 150 pound partner continually after their own strenuous leaping. They put in long hours practicing even breathing to mask their greatest exertions.

Anton Dolin, for instance, now dancing in *The Seven Lively Arts*, can run a hundred yards in eleven seconds. He swims, dives, water skeets, boxes, holds his own with professionals at tennis.

Male dancers invariably look bigger and stronger on the stage

than off. Dolin is five feet seven inches tall, yet in his London debut was dubbed the "young giant." Audiences are almost always amazed and a little disappointed to see the dancers "shrink" off-stage. Part of this is due to their magnificent carriage and presence on stage; relaxing off stage, they seem to shrink within themselves.

The average ballet dancer starts to study at about age ten and stops only when he retires past middle age. Dolin and his partner, the world famous ballerina Alicia Markova, although currently giving eight performances a week, take one-hour lessons daily from their teacher, and rehearse for four hours once a week. When they are not performing, they rehearse four hours a day.

Anton Dolin, by the way, was born Patrick Healy Kay. Alicia Markova was Alicia Marks. Each had Irish mothers and English fathers. Apparently to be half Irish is to win half the battle in ballet for, coincidentally, Sono Osato, another smash star, had an Irish mother and a Japanese father.

Sono, who started at ten, was discovered by Colonel de Basil, an early ballet impresario, during an audition in Chicago. She found ballet in those days alluring but not lucrative. Dancers were paid 25 dollars a week, out of which they paid for everything except expensive stage costumes and train fare. The routine included eight hours of rehearsal plus regular performances. Now, ballet dancers belong to a union, the American Guild of Musical Artists. Minimum pay is 51 dollars and 75 cents a week. They are paid time-and-a-

half for all performances which run over three hours daily.

The stars of the ballet, incidentally, make three to four hundred dollars a week, and featured performers get up to 150 dollars, which is considerably short of movie actors' earnings.

Like any other art or cult, ballet has its jargon. Most often slung about is "choreographer." Actually the choreographer is the man who writes out the dance patterns on the music—or designs the dance itself.

This business of working out the dance used to be a matter of memory, and often the creator himself couldn't remember how the thing went a year or two later. It was Vaslav Nijinsky who worked out a series of symbols, each standing for a definite gesture, so a whole dance routine could be fixed as neatly on paper as a melody is fixed by notes. Nijinsky was arrested as a spy for his trouble (he was in wartime, spy-infested Hungary at the time, and the authorities thought it was a new code).

Motion pictures are a better source for recording exact dance routines, and most of the choreographers use them now.

S. Hurok, the man who brought ballet out of the realm of foreign art and made it part of American life, isn't at all reluctant to tell why his attractions have been consistently successful. He has, he says, a magical gadget which rings a bell inside his head when S. Hurok is in the presence of great talent. But actually there is much caution in Hurok's decisions about artists. When friends urged the impresario to sign up the now sensational gypsy

dancer Carmen Amaya, Hurok, who had already seen her dance, asked skeptically, "Hokay, but who else says she's good?" It was only after Arturo Toscanini saw Carmen Amaya in a South American tour and cried, "Never have I seen such fire, such rhythm!" that Hurok's cerebral talent bell began to clang like a three alarm fire and Amaya was signed up.

Hurok is, in the grand tradition of Barnum, a master showman. He calls his showman's bag of tricks "constructive and educational work." One piece of "constructive and educational work" was to have the great Pavlowa ride a clanging fire engine through the streets of Montreal, showering hand bills announcing her performance.

He has big plans for the ballet of the future. England, Russia and the United States, which have permanent ballet companies, must

exchange tours, Hurok believes.

Hurok has learned a lot from the ballet shows that have entertained the soldiers. The boys particularly loved *Gaité Parisienne* with its can-can dances, and the colorful Russian numbers.

S. Hurok's new ideas for American ballets include one on *Life with Father*. Ballet will even portray a psychological murder, and a piece is now being prepared by Antony Tudor in which murder will be committed right on the stage, with pas de deux and pirouettes.

S. Hurok lost and made a fortune in purveying culture to the American people. The shirt losing stage of his career S. Hurok describes as his "blue period." When his fortunes improved, S. Hurok entered his "pink period." With America taking to ballet, the immigrant art, S. Hurok seems destined to stay in the pink.

Taking Life in Stride

HEDDA HOPPER's inexhaustible energy in carrying on three jobs—a newspaper column, radio program and magazine articles—has people constantly asking her how she keeps so young. Hedda has the same answer for all: "I'm too busy to get old. I've found that folks who stop to look back over the years always stumble over the one in front."

—EARLE FERRIS

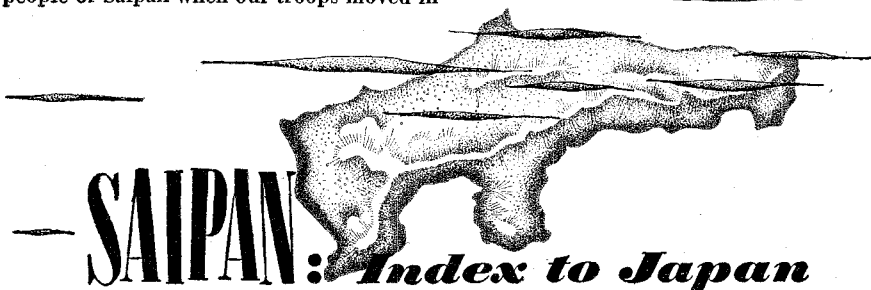
MUCH OF THE grumbling over the coal shortage last winter could have been averted if more people shared the philosophy of a fellow who lived in my old home town in the Colorado Rockies. He was as healthy and robust an individual as you'd ever meet. Yet on the coldest day of winter he would invariably appear without a coat, his shirt collar open and his sleeves rolled up. Naturally he was conspicuous among a population of overcoated, muffled, long-underwared folk.

"Don't you ever get cold?" strangers would ask, shiveringly.

"Well, the way I figure it," he would reply without so much as a goose pimple, "the Lord made summer for sunshine and warmth. Winters were made to be cold in."

—S. C. STEWART

One thing above all others astonished the people of Saipan when our troops moved in



by JOHN BEAUFORT

AMERICAN officers and men learned many lessons in their first contacts with Japanese civilians when Saipan was invaded, in June of 1944. They encountered first-hand evidence that Japanese civilians as well as soldiers would destroy themselves rather than surrender. But as the assault phase ended, they discovered that most suicides were motivated more by fear of terrible torture at the hands of the Americans than by love for the emperor.

When the time comes for our military government to deal with masses of Japanese civilians, American officers will undoubtedly remember those first uneasy weeks on Saipan. It became immediately apparent that providing relief from physical suffering and hunger was only half the job. Equally important was the necessity for proving to the battle-shocked, bewildered refugees that their leaders had lied to them about the Americans.

Instead of being tortured and killed, the Japanese in the Susupe Refugee Camp on Saipan found themselves being given medical

care by doctors and corpsmen who treated hundreds of cases daily. They were housed under whatever kind of shelter the civil affairs personnel could rig up. At community kitchens, the incoming civilians were served "K" and "C" rations, along with impounded Japanese rice and fish.

Even in the very earliest phases, while the battle still raged, the military officers began to learn something of the character and temperament of their charges. The 1,300 Koreans began early to demonstrate their independence and self-sufficiency. There wasn't a single unclaimed orphan among the Chamorros, Carolinians or Koreans. The two thousand homeland Japanese, bowing more correctly than anyone else, adopted a "wait-and-see" attitude.

"The mainland Japanese went along with us because they figured that in the long run it would gain them more," a Military Government officer told me.

"This shrewd, opportunistic appraisal of the situation was in distinct contrast to the fanatical be-

havior of the military. It was one of the things which made me begin to wonder just how well the Japanese indoctrination has 'taken' among the civilians."

The eleven thousand Okinawas—who constitute eighty per cent of the Japanese population on Saipan—were by far the most troublesome. This was not so much because of any premeditated intent to resist but because of an almost total lack of community spirit.

In the early days of the camp, the Okinawas stole everything they could lay their hands on, including the corrugated iron walling from the hospital and the lids on the privies, the latter to be burned for firewood. There wasn't a single day that Military Government officers didn't find something stolen. When it came to tending their cemetery, helping care for their sick, improving facilities for their own use, the Okinawas were obdurately sullen and uncooperative.

The way this attitude and behavior has been changed illustrates the functioning of our Naval Military Government in both its practical and theoretical aspects.

"Our policy," said one officer in charge, "is to give every possible consideration to noncombatants consistent with military security. That fact alone will further our national policies. We believe the effective way to administer affairs among the natives is through their own leaders whom they respect. Our job is to provide supervision. You cannot substitute your judgment for theirs. You have got to fit into their structure rather than make their structure fit yours."

Thus, internal camp police are

Japanese, and community leaders have emerged from the personnel of the thirteen Japanese-run community kitchens. What is more, there has been no fifth column or subversive activities, no strikes and only one instance of sabotage on Saipan.

The Military Government has attempted to get the people back to a sound economy. Japanese civilian laborers earn nine thousand dollars a week on non-military projects, with pay ranging from 35 cents a day to thirty dollars a month. Tilling 240 acres, Japanese farmers raise 25 thousand pounds of vegetables weekly for the community kitchens. Japanese fishermen, in two salvaged Sampans, catch four thousand pounds of fish every week.

HOUSING and sanitation have been two of the worst problems. For months, the Koreans and Japanese were living in 139 dilapidated one-room shacks, measuring twenty by forty feet and housing an average of 96 persons per building. To re-house the internees, the Navy has built wooden structures twenty by three hundred feet, divided into twenty one-room units, each of which can accommodate a family of five.

Gradually, as the immediate housing needs were taken care of, construction of stores, work shops, small factories and other buildings began. Today, Japanese shoppers can purchase shoes, some hardware, toilet goods, drygoods, candy and household necessities at establishments run by Japanese businessmen. Christian and Buddhist church services are held every week. Perhaps because Jingoist, militarily in-

spired Shintoism, is forbidden, only about three per cent of the Japanese attend church.

Taught by 25 Japanese teachers, 1,400 school children attend classes in gardening, swimming, English, singing, handicraft and "scripture reading."

Among the things I was most eager to discover were (1) how tenaciously the Japanese on Saipan have clung to their absolute confidence in an ultimate Japanese victory; (2) whether the attitude of these people can be expected to serve as an index of behavior when the Japanese mainland is invaded or occupied or both.

For light on the first question, I went to the Japanese themselves. Their answers voiced every shade of opinion from unshaken confidence in Japan's victory to unqualified acceptance of Japan's inevitable defeat.

An educated homeland Japanese said: "The attack turned on Saipan was fearsome. It frightened everyone terribly. I don't know what the Japanese at home will do. They have never experienced anything like what was done to Saipan."

A Japanese school teacher said: "Without fail, Japan is going to lose this war." He was asked when he had reached this conclusion and replied: "After you had landed on Saipan and I saw your equipment." Military Government officers told me that, whatever their attitude, the Japanese on Saipan have been unanimously amazed by the phenomenal American construction achievements.

Some of the people are still uncertain. An elderly Okinawan, known among the Military Govern-

ment officers for his honesty and industry, was asked how the war would end. "I don't know," he said. "My friends are not of the military."

An intelligent homeland Japanese said regretfully, "I am afraid that, after this war, the United States and Japan can never be friends again."

It is among the young people that one discovers the most active interest in the United States and its ways as well as the greatest skepticism towards Japanese religio-military teachings.

An Okinawa girl—a nurse whose work at the hospital on Saipan earned her a citation from the island commander—told Military Government officers: "My friends and I did not think you would kill us even though the soldiers said so. That is why all of us who could came to you."

MILITARY Government officials are hesitant to make conclusive statements as to how far our experience on Saipan is going to help us deal with mainland Japanese.

Lieutenant Commander Francis P. Whitehair, who is responsible for military government at Saipan, said: "It is only my personal opinion, but I feel that the experience here will not necessarily be a precedent for Japan—first, because the population of Japan is about four thousand times as large as the population of Saipan and, second, because Japan is the homeland.

"Saipan isn't home to the Japanese. It is a colony and colonization is forced adoption. Home is entirely different. Home is where a people says to the invaders: 'You

haven't any right to come here.' The least we could expect on the Japanese mainland would be passive resistance."

Military Government in the Marianas has not by any means solved all the problems which are still to be encountered. Lack of an overall plan for the newly won territory in the western Pacific—or perhaps failure to make the State Department's plans known to officials in the field—has led to such situations as the practice of two entirely different techniques for handling English instruction in the schools of Saipan and Tinian.

But the first attempt to govern conquered Japanese civilians has been of real value for the future. Today, in the occupied Marianas, Japanese people live a relatively normal community life. Children,

who once huddled fearfully in doorways, now play in the streets and attend school. Men and women earn money for unforced labor, spend it at stores owned or managed by their own people, bathe at the community wells, move unmolested through the narrow streets and broad square of the camp.

What has happened is that a useful index has been compiled and a basic approach has stood the test of its first trial. Genuinely attempting to guide their actions by kindness, fairness, patience, and humane understanding, Military Government officers and enlisted personnel have liquidated the fears of a hostile people and have won their cooperation. These principles offer the only possible hope of winning the Japanese people into the community of nations after Japan's defeat.

Noblesse Oblige



J. W. TURNER, the famous British painter, once hung a beautiful oil, *Cologne . . . Evening*, at the Royal Academy Exhibition in London. One day the visitors gathering about Turner's canvas were shocked to discover that the masterpiece had been ruined—apparently the work of some jealous enemy. A friend rushed to Turner with the news. "Don't say a word!" Turner said calmly. "I smirched it myself with lampblack."

"You ruined it yourself?" gasped the friend.

"No, smirched it, that's all. It was spoiling the effect of Lawrence's picture next to it. And the black will wash off after the exhibition."

—PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND

SIR JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE had an ironclad rule that none of his plays could be produced gratis. One day he received a request from a poor but worthy organization of charity: "Dear Sir James: May we please put on a performance of your *Twelve Pound Look* without paying the usual fees? It would be for the benefit of the crippled children's fund."

"Unthinkable!" was Sir James' reply. "You will have to pay the usual three guineas." Then followed a brief postscript: "Enclosed please find a contribution of three guineas to help defray expenses."

—JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

I'll Always Remember

Memorable experiences break the calm rhythm of every life.
Such incidents will be published occasionally in *Coronet*.

by SGT. MARION HARGROVE, author of "See Here, Private Hargrove"

THIS STORY has been held back for a while because the fellow was mighty sensitive about it, and he happens to be a tech sergeant, six feet two and weighing two hundred pounds. He's cooled off a little, so now it can be told.

The sergeant is Karl May, an aerial engineer and gunner on a B-25. The tale goes back to the time when he was still a private working as an armorer, and bucking for a job on a combat crew.

They finally let him go on a few missions. He got along fine until his third trip. That was the raid on the big Jap base at Hankow, on the Yangtze.

There were two minor defects that day in the bomber to which May was assigned: there were no racks in the ship for fragmentation bombs and the interphones were temporarily out of commission.

Well, they were working the thing out all right without fragracks or interphones. They had May squatting by the photo hole with a stack of frag bombs and the understanding that when the turret gunner nudged him he was to cut loose with all he had.

It happened that the bomber had a passenger that day—maybe an observer from Washington, maybe a newspaperman, maybe just a sightseer. This worthy person grew unaccustomedly chilly, saw that

the draft came from the open photo hole and decided to ask the private to close it. The private—yep, it was May—had his back turned, so the passenger sought to attract his attention with a gentle nudge.

Pvt. May reacted like the eager beaver he was. He held one frag bomb over the hole and let it drop. Then he turned another loose into thin air. He was preparing to drop every bomb in the ship—until he was rudely and violently stopped. To May's dismay he learned 1) that the ship was nowhere near Hankow, 2) that he had been given no signal and 3) that he had just wasted a couple of hundred dollars' worth of high explosives.

The mission proceeded to Hankow, where May dropped the rest of his bombs through the photo hole, an armful at a time. But his heart was heavy at the thought of having goofed off.

When the plane returned, there was an intelligence report from the Chinese Army waiting for it. According to this report two bombs dropped on a Japanese barge on the Yangtze had scored direct hits, sinking the barge and drowning 160 Japanese soldiers.

T/Sgt. May never tells the story himself and he gets mad when he hears anyone else tell it. Only those who've seen the records will believe it.

Even after Jimmy was killed at the mill, nobody remembered there were laws against his working there

Death

Cheats the Schoolroom



by MICHAEL EVANS

DOWN IN Tennessee the other day there was a small item in one of the local papers—hardly worth reading unless you happened to know who it was written about. Just a couple of paragraphs about a boy named Jimmy Merton. He was thirteen years old, and he had been helping out after school at a lumber mill. School was out at three o'clock and he usually was able to get to work by 3:15. He quit in time to be home and help his mother set the supper table.

The reason Jimmy Merton got into the papers was that one afternoon (4:20 p.m. according to evidence at the coroner's inquest) a chain on a boom of logs at the mill snapped. A loose end of that chain whirled through the air like a piece of shrapnel. It struck Jimmy at the base of the skull and

penetrated to a depth of nearly two inches. Death, the witnesses said, was instantaneous.

In that Tennessee town there was a good bit of talk about Jimmy Merton's death. His father was a lawyer, and Jimmy was well known. He had good grades in school and probably would have been class valedictorian.

"If it hadn't been for the war," Jimmy's aunt told her friends, "that boy wouldn't have been working in the mill. He would have been at home studying as he should, or down at the church at choir practice."

Most of the people in town felt the same way about it. If it hadn't been for the war.

To most Americans child labor is deplorable. Yet with the war it became inevitable. Nearly two mil-

lion teen-agers went to work full time, and two million others took part-time jobs. And about all we could do was shake our heads gravely and cluck our tongues.

Now, however, with returning servicemen looking for jobs, we have a chance to rectify a situation that has become increasingly worse in the past three years. According to last year's statistics, 23 million children will be going back to school in September. But right now something can be done to raise this figure as close to 29 million as possible—in other words, to include all the school-age children in the country. Recently, existing laws against child labor have been quietly ignored. Today, with manpower shortages easing, they can be enforced.

Then there would be no more Spike Andersons. Spike was a tousle-haired, sixteen-year-old youngster who had grown a lot in the last year. He was tall for his age, but thin. He played forward on his high school basketball team and next year, he hoped, they would let him enlist in the Marines.

This summer he was working for a building construction firm. It was outdoor work, and there was a lot of lifting and carrying which was good for his arm muscles. One day Spike was working on the loading platform outside the warehouse.

It was hard to tell just how it happened. Spike had wheeled his hand truck to the warehouse and loaded it with shingles. Afterwards they figured out he had about 1,400-pounds of shingles on the truck. Then, he started for the freight car. Because of the incline he had gone ahead of the truck to hold it back

I call upon the people in each of our communities to renew their efforts to promote the health of children in wartime, and to take special measures in behalf of those boys and girls of high school age who are combining school and part-time jobs, working during vacation, or entering full time employment in order that their safety, health, and normal growth may be fully assured.

—FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

and keep it from rolling too fast. But something went wrong. When they picked him up there was a smear of blood around his face, and his chest was smashed between the truck and the freight car. He wasn't breathing.

The folks who knew Spike were shocked. He was a fine boy, they said, and if it hadn't been for the war . . .

They didn't know anything about the people in that Tennessee town who were talking the same way about a youngster who had been killed by a boom chain.

If it hadn't been for the war . . .

All over America, folks have been saying that without quite realizing what war has done to the home front.

I have served a good long term abroad and on several fronts. In Lancashire one time I watched the little Britishers, ten and eleven years old, picking on the slag heaps.

"You know," I said to my buddy, "I thought we were sort of backward in the states—that we had to catch up to England, at least so far as social legislation is concerned. But look at that — even with a war on, you won't find that at home."

Again, I was in Russia, traveling

to Leningrad. We stopped at a station and got out to stretch our legs. Immediately a crowd of railroad workers surrounded the *Amerikanski*.

I passed out some cigarettes. This was splendid until they began passing the butts around. When a nine-year-old "railroad worker"—his face smeared with soot and grease—passed his cigarette on to a seven-year-old companion, equally smeared, I began to have qualms.

But, I said to myself, this is not America. After all in Russia, they have a major production problem. And in England it is the same. What could be more natural than that they draft their youth to help out in this task.

Back home in America, I said, we don't have anything like this. Our production is so scientific, so efficient that we don't have to depend on the kids the way they do abroad.

I wish that had been true.

Actually, war hit the children of America just as it has the children of every other country.

True, we haven't had fourteen-year-old brakemen on our trains, nor eleven-year-olds puddling steel or on the assembly line in the shell factories. But day-in, day-out we have had something like three million youngsters anywhere from ten to eighteen years old drawing weekly paychecks and punching time clocks.

And this summer the total may well rise to five million as city children stream by the tens of thousands into the berry patches, the truck farms and the orchards.

But there's one big difference between America and other countries.

Our Federal Fair Labor Standards Act sets rather strict standards for the employment of children in war plants. Yet by the hundreds of thousands they have flocked into grocery stores, laundries, five-and-ten cent stores, movie theatres, bakeries and bowling alleys. And in the cotton fields of the South or the wheat fields of the West, the youth of America is bringing in the harvest.

But this has been done at a cost which few realize.

Part of the cost is in lost education. You can see this best in the high schools. Colleges, we all know, are denuded because college youth is at war. But the armed forces aren't taking many seventeen-year-olds. Yet the phenomenal pre-war high school enrollment has taken a nose dive. Whereas high school enrollment in America jumped fifty per cent in the decade ending in 1930, it slumped one million children in the three years from Pearl Harbor to the present—a drop from 6,700,000 to 5,700,000.

That educational loss is a permanent one.

For many youngsters the loss is even greater—it is loss of their health, injury to their body or even death.

The accident rate among persons under the age of twenty is twice as high as that among adults—even in normal times. The records of the Michigan State Industrial Commission, for example, disclose that the accident rate always reaches a peak between July and September when children are working, rather than in school.

Tolerance of wartime child labor had, of course, been bred by the

obvious need of more hands to do the national chores.

But the rush of youngsters into the ranks of wage-earners has been helter-skelter. Thousands of them are working at jobs of material hazard—and yet are contributing nothing to the war effort.

Take pin-setting in bowling alleys, for example. Most persons, going down to the bowling alley for an evening's sport, never even think of it as child labor or a violation of the law.

Yet a survey a few months ago in Chicago showed that three out of every four bowling alleys were violating child labor statutes; most of them were selling liquor in the presence of minors, another violation; and one out of four was selling liquor to minors or had some kind of gambling going on, or both. Although the detailed report of this survey was submitted to police authorities, nothing happened. Presumably Chicagoans weren't much aroused about pin-setting.

SOME PARENTS of youthful pin-setters may feel differently about this. They are the fathers and mothers of the kids whose fingers have been smashed and crippled permanently, whose ribs have been broken or who have suffered brain concussion because, late at night, they were too sleepy to get out of the way of the speeding ball or the fast-flying pins.

The war has not put us back to the benighted days nearly 150 years ago when the first cotton mills in New England were advertising themselves as a benefit to the community because they could give gainful employment to chil-

dren of eight and ten. Not quite.

However, there is the case of the establishment which was uncovered in one Midwestern town and which brought down a thousand dollar fine upon its sponsors. This was what was called an "educational" workshop. It was located in the basement of a church. About twenty boys and girls, all of them under seventeen, assembled there in the afternoons and evenings to "learn" how to put together some small devices made of hard rubber. The "foreman" of this establishment was a fifteen-year-old high school boy.

This curious enterprise came to light after one of the "workmen" (he was also fifteen years old) had lost two fingers in a drill press. After losing the fingers he went back to work and lost a thumb. The firm behind the educational enterprise was very indignant when brought into court. It said that the youngster who had lost his fingers and thumb had no complaint against them—*because they had paid him 1,600 dollars in compensation for his injuries.*

The list of industrial accidents to our teen-age workers is almost without end.

In Minnesota a thirteen-year-old was being employed, in violation of the law, as an elevator operator. One day something went wrong with his car. He stuck his head out to see what was the trouble and was killed instantly when the cage started to ascend. Much the same thing happened to a fourteen-year-old in Philadelphia. He was trying to get his car to run and was killed when it somehow suddenly jounced him against the ceiling.

Campaigns of children's organizations to stem the rising tide of child labor have made little progress in the stress of war emergency. Enforcement agencies have been handicapped by a wartime lack of personnel and, most of all, by a public attitude that child labor, while regrettable, has been a war necessity.

Youngsters themselves have been eager to get work, particularly those of sixteen and seventeen who have a chance of getting into the war plants. There they can earn 45 or 50 dollars a week—sometimes even 75 dollars. The hazards, the loss of education, the effects on health mean little to them. The fat paycheck is a bigger argument than a statistical table showing that the child worker is likely to develop

defective posture, flat feet, hernia, bad eyes, heart trouble or tuberculosis. Yet, the statistical record will show child workers twice as liable to get these ailments as their fellows of the same age and circumstance who are still in school.

Now with the war in Europe at a close and the peak drain on American industrial capacity already passed, the question of depending upon teen-agers to fill the chinks in our production belt has come to the fore.

A good many people believe America couldn't have done her production job in war without the aid of the youngsters. But today a good many more believe she can't begin her peacetime reconversion job without putting them back into the classrooms.

The Mark of Twain

✻ ONCE while being interviewed, Mark Twain began, "When I was a young man, President Madison told me—"

The reporter interrupted: "But Mr. Twain, you weren't born when Madison was in office!"

Twain took a puff at his cigar and smiled fondly. "Young man," he declared, "you're the first reporter I ever met who corrected a mistake *before* it got into print!"

✻ TWAIN's age-old devotion to accuracy is ironic. While a young man, he worked on the Virginia City *Enterprise*, where on dull days he'd sit around and pluck stories out of the blue to enliven page one.

Once he manufactured a yarn about a man who hacked up his wife and seven kids in a lonely mountain cabin,

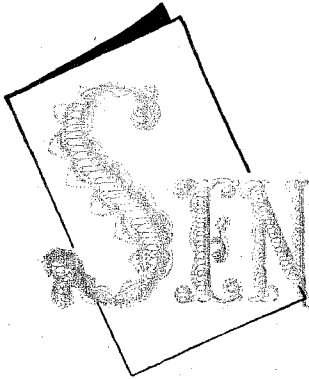
scalped them all, downed a pint of liquor and rode into town wildly waving the scalp.

The town was up in arms. A committee investigated the story and learned that Twain was just having a good time. His editor indignantly told him he'd better start writing fiction—not fact. And so he did.

But who remembers the name of that editor?

✻ ANSWERING an offer to edit an agricultural magazine, Twain once wrote a lengthy letter of acceptance, then added this postscript: "I have no practical knowledge of agriculture, but that need not interfere. You may have noticed that the less I know about a subject the more confidence I have, and the more new light I throw on it."

—IRVING HOFFMAN



Buying a greeting card is a simple task but the planning that goes into its manufacture represents big business

SENTIMENT

For Sale

by ALAN HYND

EVERY TWENTY-FOUR hours several million Americans drop greeting cards into the United States mails. The cards, sent to relatives, friends and even enemies, reflect the entire gamut of human emotions. The feelings conveyed go all the way from somber condolences to anonymous insults on St. Valentine's Day.

In the two decades before Pearl Harbor, the greeting card industry experienced a phenomenal growth. Before the War Production Board slashed the industry's paper quota almost in half, some three billion cards were sold annually. Which, conservatively speaking, represents 500 million dollars in sales.

Since the war, which has caused tremendous population shifts, there has been an unprecedented demand for greeting cards. More Americans are away from home, family and friends than at any time in the nation's history. Thus, millions face a communications problem for the first time in their lives. The greeting card is the quickest and most satisfying solution.

Christmas cards always have

been, and probably always will be, the biggest sellers. Four out of every ten cards made are designed for Yuletide.

Next in point of volume come Valentine, Easter and Mother's Day cards, in what the industry calls the holiday line. Birthday cards are the big leaders in the every-day line, which includes such items as congratulations on the birth of a baby and get-well cards.

Painstaking tests on run-of-the-mill preferences among greeting-card buyers have long since disclosed that four of every five cards are bought because of what they say rather than what they look like.

There is quite a knack to writing a verse for a greeting card. That is why virtually all of the verses are composed by staff writers on the payrolls of the greeting-card companies. Each year, tons of rhymes are submitted to the card companies by contributors in all walks of life who know that a minimum of fifty cents a line is paid for acceptable verses. The great bulk of the unsolicited stuff is utterly impossible, and the negligible amount that is

accepted has to be worked over by the staff.

Rhyme, meter and simplicity are three vital requirements for any greeting-card verse, but these are by no means the sole requirements. A verse must be general enough to have the widest possible appeal to purchasers, yet specific enough to make recipients of the cards feel that the poem has been written expressly for them. This little number, for example, is a perennial best-seller due to its me-to-you intimacy:

Though sending you this birthday card
Just took half a minute
No one could ever measure
All the friendliness that's in it

AMONG THE top free-lancers is a cultured and sophisticated lady in Hyannis, Mass., named Ann Kellogg. Miss Kellogg is the author of a book called *Rhyming For Cash*, perhaps the most comprehensive volume ever compiled on the greeting-card verse. Among other things, she points up the value of the psychological reaction of the recipient of a greeting card—something that the amateur versifier almost never takes into consideration.

A congratulatory poem addressed exclusively to a mother on the occasion of a baby's birth, for example, would make the father feel like the fifth wheel on a wagon. Birthday cards for children one and two years old should always be slanted at the parents, Miss Kellogg explains, because a child that age not only can't read but can't understand what is being read to him. A card for a three-year-old, however, should be addressed directly to the child, be-

cause a three-year-old begins to understand what his parents are reading to him.

The mother-in-law field is a perilous one for the verse writers. Even mothers-in-law don't like to be called mothers-in-law. The versifiers therefore slant cards for the most maligned of all women along such lines as, To the Mother of the One I Love.

Get-well or convalescence cards present ticklish problems to the purchaser. A cheerful, morale-building verse, or even a humorous one, is not only fitting but, according to some doctors, actually beneficial to people who have had slight illnesses or non-serious accidents. A light-hearted card, however, would have a dire effect on someone who had met with a permanent injury or discovered that he had an incurable disease.

Like Hollywood, the greeting card industry sticks pretty close to themes that have proved sure-fire in the past. Hollywood never gets very far away from the boy-meets-girl formula, and greeting-card producers rarely depart from the me-to-you formula. For example:

This birthday greeting card is meant
Especially for you,
The wish I'm wishing hard is sent
Straight from my heart to you;
My kindest thoughts are on their way
To you the whole year through,
But an extra wish is sent today
ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

If the link between sender and receiver is interrupted by the introduction of a third party, or element, the card has two strikes on it. For example, one company rushed out Lindbergh cards when Lindbergh flew the Atlantic, and the cards

were a failure despite the fact that Lindbergh was both topical and the occupant of a unique place in the nation's affections.

The flaw in the idea was that Lindbergh simply had no place in a personal sentiment between two persons. For the same reason, Lincoln's birthday, Washington's birthday and Fourth of July cards have never been popular.

Mother, of course, receives more greeting cards during the course of a year than any other member of the family. There are cards designed especially for Mother's Day, Mother's birthday, and for Mother on Easter and Mother at Christmas. Then there is Mother My Valentine and Mother on her various anniversaries. There was even one card for Mother on Father's Day.

If greeting-card sales are any barometer, as to the average person's affections, Sweetheart comes next to Mother. Sweetheart is usually sexless on a greeting card, so that the card can be sent by either a man or a woman.

One company has had a recent hit in what it calls the "Twin Hearts" card, containing two interlocking plastic hearts. The purchaser removes one of the hearts and sends the card with the matching heart to the sweetheart. In Kansas City alone, one dealer sold over five thousand of these cards at a dollar each.

Greeting cards are planned eighteen months in advance. The larger companies employ from six to a dozen or more staff writers, and large art departments. Regular conferences are held, in which writers, artists, editors and company officials participate. Thus, as

you read these words, the industry is buckling down to creative conferences for Christmas cards for 1946. The cards for next Christmas are now about to be shipped to retail outlets.

Consequently topical themes, such as slang expressions, are risky business. A saying that is on everyone's lips today is likely to be cold and forgotten eighteen months from now.

In 1942, an executive of the industry got the idea for a United Nations Christmas card for 1944. The plan was to have the flag of every United Nation on the card. This would have been a card that might have been one of the best sellers of all time. Conferences were held in Washington between greeting-card executives and government officials, and everybody was enthusiastic.

Then somebody thought of the possibility that Turkey and some of the Latin-American countries would come into the United Nations between the time the card went to press and went on sale. To have come out with a card not bearing the flag of one or more of the nations—which is just what would have happened had the project gone through—might have provoked international incidents.

Three brothers—Joyce, Rollie and William Hall—who once sold candy in Nebraska, operate the biggest of the sentiment factories. Doing business under the trademark of Hallmark, the brothers have a block-long establishment in Kansas City, with big branches in Emporia and Topeka. They've been putting words into other people's

mouths for a quarter of a century.

Under contract to Hallmark are "Little Lulu" and many of Walt Disney's most popular animal characters. Despite this impressive list, the firm's top seller is likely to be a modestly illustrated card carrying a little ditty like this:

This card just cost a nickel
When I got it at the store,
But a nickel's better'n a dollar
'Cause it goes to church lots more!

After working hours, the greeting-card people chuckle not at themselves, but at anecdotes concerning card purchasers.

One classic often repeated in the trade is about the greeting-card salesgirl in a New York department store who was approached by a suave, middle-aged man in quest of a Valentine.

"For your wife," asked the girl cheerily, "or something better?"

Oceanic Underworld

One of the most memorable passages in John Steinbeck's book, Cannery Row, is the description of the weird, colorful, "survival of the fittest" marine world off the coast of California. Coronet herewith presents a graphic excerpt.

DOC WAS collecting marine animals in the Great Tide Pool. It is a fabulous place: when the tide goes out the sea is very clear and the bottom becomes fantastic with fighting, feeding, breeding animals. Starfish squat over mussels, attach their million little suckers and then slowly lift with incredible power until the prey is broken from the rock. And then the starfish stomach comes out and envelops its food.

Orange and speckled and fluted nudibranchs slide gracefully over the rocks, their skirts waving like the dresses of Spanish dancers. And black eels poke their heads out of crevices and wait for prey. The snapping shrimps with their trigger claws pop loudly. Hermit crabs like frantic children scamper on the bottom sand. And now one, finding an empty snail shell he likes better than his own, creeps out, exposing his soft body to the enemy for a moment, and then pops into the new shell.

Here a crab tears a leg from his brother. The anemones expand like

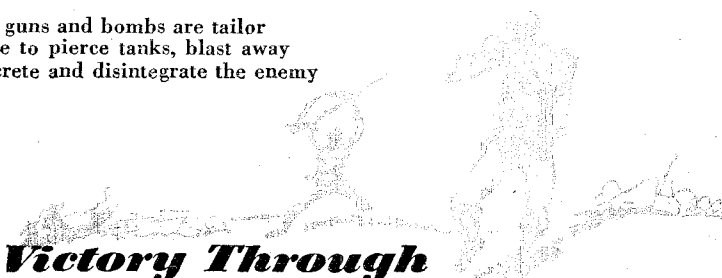
soft and brilliant flowers, inviting any tired and perplexed animal to lie for a moment in their arms, and when some small crab or little tide-pool Johnnie accepts the invitation, the petals whip in, the stinging cells shoot tiny narcotic needles into the prey and it grows weak while the searing digestive acids melt its body down.

Then the creeping murderer, the octopus, steals out, slowly, softly, moving like a gray mist, pretending now to be a bit of weed, now a rock, now a lump of decaying meat while its evil goat eyes watch coldly. It oozes and flows toward a feeding crab, and as it comes close its yellow eyes burn and its body turns rosy with the pulsing color of anticipation and rage. Then suddenly it runs lightly on the tips of its arms, as ferociously as a charging cat. It leaps savagely on the crab, there is a puff of black fluid, and the struggling mass is obscured in the sepia cloud while the octopus murders the crab. On the exposed rocks, the barnacles bubble behind their closed doors and the limpets dry out.

And salt spray blows in from the barrier where the ocean waits for its rising-tide strength to permit it back into the Great Tide Pool again.

—JOHN STEINBECK, *Cannery Row* (Viking)

Our guns and bombs are tailor
made to pierce tanks, blast away
concrete and disintegrate the enemy



Victory Through

FIREPOWER

by HOWARD WHITMAN

TODAY, THE American infantryman is a walking arsenal. When he loads himself down with full battle paraphernalia he is ambulatory death—for the enemy.

A soldier used to be a guy with a gun. Today a soldier is a guy with a gun—and fragmentation grenades, and percussion grenades, and pole charges, and bangalore torpedoes, and TNT blocks, and maybe a machine-gun, mortar, or bazooka. He is firepower personified.

If one solitary Joe found himself alone in a Jap village he could raise more cain and lower more pagodas than a whole platoon in the last war.

He carries enough explosives to topple a half dozen flimsy Nipponese structures. His pole charges (dynamite on the end of a stick) can be thrust into the apertures of pill-boxes. His bangalore torpedoes (lengths of pipe filled with explosive) can be shoved under barbed-wire barricades. His grenades are complimentary hara-kiri for dug-in Japs. His TNT blocks can topple the strongest wall.

And his good old Garand rifle,

with an extra bandoleer of ammunition slung over his shoulder, packs a punch unequalled in the history of small arms.

To give you an idea, if Joe saw a Jap two hundred feet away and let him have it with the Garand, Mr. Bandylegs would get a three-foot ride. The impact of the bullets would lift him that far off the ground.

Armies move forward by throwing up a curtain of death ahead of them, and firepower is that curtain—whether it be the firepower of the infantryman, airplanes or artillery. Firepower is the scientific reduction of living men to corpses and, as such, it is not pretty to think about. But war can never be pretty; it can only, on occasion, be necessary. In this cold light of necessity, Americans can rejoice that the brains and brawn of this country have created the most and best firepower in the world.

During the big push across Europe, it took 35 pounds of arms and ammunition *per week* to keep each infantryman fighting. Every five weeks he threw just about his

own weight in lead and explosives at the enemy.

The Army Ordnance Department, under the command of Lt. General L. H. Campbell Jr., kept a tally on just how much death our forces were hurling at the enemy in a single month.

Here are some of the totals:

140,000 bazooka rockets.

2,000,000 mortar shells.

6,000,000 artillery shells.

25,000,000 rounds of carbine ammunition.

125,000,000 rounds of Garand and Springfield rifle ammunition.

When you stop to think that it takes only one little .30 caliber bullet to kill a man, you realize that this formidable month's expenditure represents enough to erase all life from the globe. But there is notorious waste in firepower. Each enemy soldier would have been killed a thousand times over if all of our bullets hit home.

CONSIDER THE production angle: General Campbell recently reported that our war factories have produced 19 billion .30 caliber cartridges, 8½ billion .50 caliber cartridges, and 7 billion .45 caliber and carbine cartridges. Add that together, and in small arms ammunition alone you have enough to depopulate the world seventeen times over.

But firepower isn't always a ready-to-wear item. Often it has to be tailor-made to fit a particular exigency of war, as the RAF's Earthquake Bomb was tailor-made to puncture holes in the U-boat pens when all other bombs caromed off the nine-foot-thick concrete roofs.

We got our first order for tailor-

made firepower in the summer of 1942. Rommel was at El Alamein. This country was arming itself to invade Africa. Our military leaders were worrying about *Festung Europa*, when our intelligence turned in a report. Hitler's European fortifications were too thick for our shells!

It was too late to retool our factories. Too late to redesign our shells. Too late to call back the millions of rounds already accumulating in overseas dumps and depots.

Our firepower experts put their heads together—and they came up with an answer no larger than a hen's egg. But it was the golden egg of the war. Affectionately known by the Ordnance Department as the "Fortbuster," this little gem was a well-guarded secret until this spring.

The Fortbuster is a fuze (see glossary on opposite page). It is screwed into the head of our standard artillery ammunition. Inside its pointed nose is a sensitive high explosive which sets off a booster mechanism. This, in turn, detonates the shell. The net result is a delayed explosion.

The shell burrows its way half through the concrete and then—boom! It detonates within the concrete wall itself. When engineers want to dynamite a cliff, they drill a hole in the rock and then drop in the dynamite sticks so that the explosion occurs inside the rock. The Fortbuster combines both operations. It drills its own way into the concrete and then explodes.

In action, this golden egg has made rubble out of concrete walls that would crumple a locomotive going 100 miles an hour.

Firepower is tailor-made in other

Firepower Glossary

Caliber One-hundredth of an inch in the measurement of small arms. A .50 caliber machine-gun fires a bullet one-half inch in diameter.

Mm. (Millimeter.) One mm. equals .03937 inches. Thus a 76 mm. gun fires a shell approximately 3 inches in diameter.

Muzzle Velocity Speed of a shell in feet per second. With high explosive shells, the Long Tom has a muzzle velocity of 2,800 feet per second, the .50 caliber machine-gun 2,900 feet per second.

Fuze Mechanical device for detonating a shell, fixed to the head or base of the shell and set to explode on time or contact. Not to be confused with fuse, a powder train like the fuse of a firecracker.

Traverse In sighting a gun, traverse is movement right or left; elevation is movement up or down.

Round One shot of ammunition. When a machine-gun fires 25 rounds, it fires 25 bullets. In artillery, one round includes all the components necessary for one shot—fuze, the projectile itself, propellant (powder bags), and primer.

Cutting Fuze Setting the fuze on a shell. "Cutting" goes back to the days of powder train fuses, when fuse was cut to desired length.

Direct Laying Firing at a visible target.

Indirect Laying Firing at a target which cannot be seen.

Trajectory The path of a shell from gun muzzle to target.

respects. When you throw death at the enemy, you don't throw death-in-general, you throw death-in-particular. You are supposed to know exactly what you wish to accomplish. Basically, you have four kinds of death-dealing explosions to choose from.

THE FIRST is blast, and there is no better example of this than the buzz bomb. It expends its terrific power into the air, and it is the air which does the killing. During the buzz blitz on Britain, I saw buildings topple a block away from where a buzz bomb hit, touched by nothing but the crush of air. Blast is tricky. The air caroms and ricochets off walls and buildings. It can rip the clothes off a woman in the street and leave her companion untouched. Whirling through a room,

it can smash a heavy desk and leave unharmed a dainty chalice. No one fully understands it.

Another is concussion, a concentrated blast, or blast taken straight. When an artilleryman wants a concussion effect, he reaches for an H-E shell. That means "high explosive." It is a shell with lots of powder in it, and a thin skin. He can fire it into the second story of a light frame building, and it will blow out the walls.

In fragmentation it is steel, and not blast or concussion, which does the killing. The fragmentation shell has a heavy casing which explodes into myriad bits and pieces. Its hot and jagged fragments tear into a man's leg, or his arm, or his abdomen. This type of shell is the maimer and killer.

The fourth type is penetration.

"Give me an A-P!" calls a gunner. He means an "armor piercing" shell, one with a nose of hard steel designed to penetrate deep into whatever it hits. This time, you're not so anxious to rip a Nip with fragments, to bowl him over with blast, or bring the house down on his head with concussion. You want to send some steel tearing through the armor of his tank or the plate of his armored car. That's a job for A-P.

American aerial firepower, when the war broke out in Europe, was caught with its wings down. In September, 1939, we were still making fighter planes with two machine-guns, but we made up for lost time. Today the last word in air sting is the P-47N, a 450-mile-an-hour fighter with eight .50 caliber machine-guns, six 5-inch rockets and two 500-pound bombs. Just what does that add up to in terms of firepower?

Take the machine-guns, "death-dealing fifties" as they're called. They fire 800 rounds a minute. With all eight guns blazing, that's 6,400 rounds a minute. Boil it down a bit more. When the pilot touches his trigger for one second, a mere tick of the clock, his guns spit 106 bullets.

Now you know what that Thunderbolt pilot meant when he told me in France, "I turned my fifties on a couple of Krauts who were standing at a crossroads, shooting at me with rifles. When I hit them they just disintegrated!"

The force of a single bullet from a death-dealing fifty was illustrated in this test: it was fired at an old bomber on the ground. It tore through the bomber's skin, pierced

the ammunition boxes, came through the other side of the fuselage, went clear through a hard pine board and then pierced a half-inch slab of armor plating.

As for the rockets clustered under the P-47N's wings, a single one of them is capable of blowing a locomotive to smithereens—so you can picture in your own mind the horrible havoc if the pilot decides to salvo all six of his rockets at once. These, plus his two 500-pound bombs, give the lone fighter pilot as much firepower as three batteries of howitzers letting go at once.

Artillery, as any artilleryman will gladly confirm, is the heart of an army's firepower. From our 75 mm. pack howitzer to our 240 mm. Black Dragon, we have some interesting and devastating pieces with which it is easy to make a passing acquaintance.

The 75 mm. pack howitzer made a name for itself on Peleliu Island where Japs were entrenched in caves above a steep bluff. An artillery team disassembled one of these weapons, carried the parts up the bluff and reassembled it under cover of darkness. With the first light, it was hurling 14-pound shells into the cave openings at the rate of six per minute. One of these shells alone is enough to bring down a two-story house. In short order, the enemy position was not only hapless but Japless.

It is important to differentiate between a *howitzer* and a *gun*. A howitzer is a short-barrelled cannon which lobbs its projectile in a high arc. A gun has a long barrel and fires in a more nearly horizontal trajectory.

In addition to the 75, our most

famous howitzers are the 105 mm., the 155 mm., the 8-inch, and the 240 mm. The latter, dubbed the Black Dragon, is our largest piece of mobile field artillery. It throws a shell 9.4 inches in diameter, weighing 345 pounds. One Nazi prisoner told his interrogators that when the Black Dragon started firing, his outfit had orders to cease firing and take cover immediately.

In Cassino valley, one of the big 240's zeroed on a heavy bridge and brought it down with 68 hits out of 80 rounds fired. Later, an artillery spotter reported that the Germans were throwing up a new bridge. The Black Dragon crew bided its time, getting reports on the Germans' progress. When they had tightened the last bolt and spliced the last cable, the big howitzer let go again and brought down the new bridge with a single shot.

Famous wherever Yanks have fought is the 155 mm. gun, or Long Tom. "I'd rather be dead than face another barrage from your Long Toms," a prisoner told the Yanks. "No one can stand up under the power of your ordnance, which is tremendous. The blasting effect of your fire made one fellow in the next foxhole go crazy."

Today the Long Tom has a big brother, the Super-Tom, an eight-inch gun which came into being as a result of a firepower duel. Before it was born, Yank artillerymen leaned heavily on the Long Tom, which throws a 95-pound shell 14¼ miles. This was fine until the Nazis came back with a 170 mm. gun that would hurl a 140-pound shell 16½ miles. Thus we were both out-weighted and outclassed.

Now, it can be said that artillery is a lot like prizefighting. If the other fellow sends in a middle-weight to fight your lightweight, the lightweight is almost sure to get licked.

So, in order to win, you must fight in your class—or be even heavier.

That was why, when our 155 was obviously outclassed by the German 170, we brought out the Super-Tom. It is capable of hurling a 240-pound shell 20 miles—all we needed to regain the drop on the Nazis, who never outclassed us again.

When we meet the Japs in the open on big scale land operations, they will probably crumble under this heavy firepower even faster than the Germans did.

ONE OF the finest guns to make its debut in this war was, unfortunately, not ours. It was the 88 mm. Flak 36, commonly known as the German "88." This fierce, accurate, simply-operated weapon was designed as an anti-aircraft gun. But planes sped too fast and too low and, for a time, the 88 was straining its steel lungs barking at clouds. Then Rommel got an idea. He turned the muzzle of the 88 down to earth and used it as an anti-tank gun.

Its success was immediate. The British took a beating from this high muzzle-velocity weapon, and the Americans, when they arrived, learned to respect it, too. Through Italy, France, the West Wall and into Germany, the name "88" was a symbol of the worst the Germans had to offer.

They installed this long-barrelled masterpiece everywhere—in per-

manent installations, pillboxes, bunkers, roadblocks and beach defenses. They even mounted it on the Tiger tank.

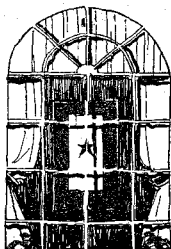
Our own weapon closest to the German 88 was the 90 mm. gun. This, too, began its career as an anti-aircraft weapon—until reports from the Pacific told of its glowing performances against Jap-infested caves, nests and other ground positions. Like the 88, it finally graduated into a tank weapon. It is the punch in our new, heavy General Pershing tank.

Firepower, in the last analysis, boils down to this: you've got to

throw a harder punch than the enemy. If he puts lead in his gloves, you've got to wear brass knuckles. If he uses a baseball bat, you've got to use an iron pipe. If he throws a dishpan at you, you've got to throw the kitchen sink.

Yes, and our boys even threw the kitchen sink at the Nazis—literally. A story has it that a couple of Milwaukee boys with the 15th Air Force in Italy decided that bombs and bullets were too good for the Germans. So they took a kitchen sink up with them and dropped it neatly out of their B-24 over Bologna!

What Peace Must Heal



THERE WAS A SERVICE FLAG in the window, and in front of the house a small boy in a soldier's uniform marched stiffly back and forth, a toy rifle balanced on his shoulder. Intent upon the house numbers, the stranger almost collided with the child.

"You're quite a soldier, young man," he said admiringly.

"My dad's a soldier, too," responded the lad.

"Where is your father?"

"Upstairs."

"Will you tell him there's someone here to see him?"

"I can't," was the soft reply. "You see, my daddy's just a picture!"

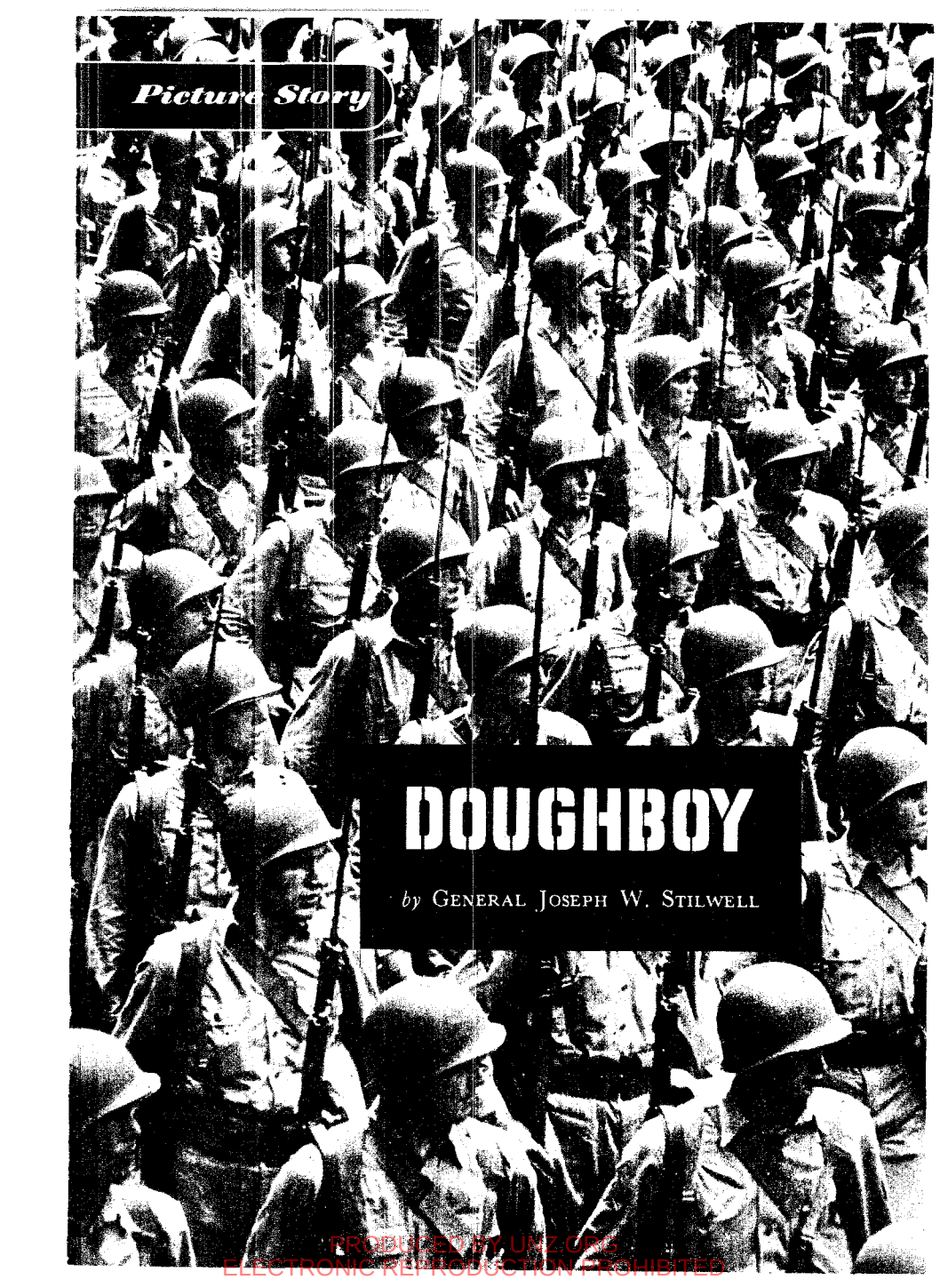
—MRS. J. L. HULSEY

I HAVE FELT the war deeply, but never more than one morning soon after V-E Day. It came to me in a letter from a close friend, a lieutenant with Patton's Third Army. Writing from deep in Germany, he said:

"It's ugly and miserable, and death is just around the corner everywhere. Two or three days ago I went out on a little job and passed through a town that the Germans had evacuated. There were dead all around the place—stark and untouched where they had fallen. What a sight! But I felt no twinge of pity or regret. My only feeling was that there should have been more.

"Then, at a turn in the road, we saw a beautiful red fox with a thick, shiny coat. He paused within forty yards of us—yet I couldn't shoot him. If he had been a German, I would have fired without a second thought. Afterwards the incident struck me as odd. A year ago I wouldn't have hesitated to shoot the fox, but I would have had chills at the thought of shooting a human being. Funny isn't it?"

—NAT MCKELVEY



Picture Story

DOUGHBOY

by GENERAL JOSEPH W. STILWELL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DOUGHBOY

by GENERAL JOSEPH W. STILWELL

IT'S HIGH time someone said a word for the boys who are carrying the ball—our sluggers who are at it all the time, day and night in all weather. We have finally realized that no matter how a war starts, it ends in the mud. It has to be slugged out—there are no trick solutions or cheap short cuts.

Just how the writers are going to make a glamorous hero out of a muddy and dilapidated GI with two weeks' whiskers and a barnyard aroma on him, I don't know. That's *their* job, and they had better work it out, or circulation is going to fall off. There are going to be a whole lot of these lads who won't cheer every time they read the magazine story about how the captain aviator made off with the gal. They will want the bazooka man or the number two scout to win occasionally. They don't want to be glorified, they just want a break.

Not too much in return for what we are asking.

The average GI is a pretty intelligent person and usually he knows the score. Also, he's a realist; the conditions under which he lives make him one necessarily. So his primary concern in action is indicated by his daily prayer, "O, Lord, distribute the bullets as You do the pay: Let the officers get most of them." And his next concern is to come home.

When he does get home, the doughboy's primary concern will be to get a job and get going again. He'll have some gripes, of course. He'll wonder why everybody could not have borne an equal share of the load. And he'll feel lost at being by himself again, away from the lads he shared so many dangers with. He's homesick for home now; he'll be homesick for his outfit then. We must get ready for him. We must, because he deserves all we can do for him—as you may see in these pictures.

Study them carefully. . . .





... in dark, dank, steaming jungles



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Here there is no gold braid . . . no sleek uniforms, no highly polished boots, no green grassy slopes, no patches of bright flowers.





This is the background of war, and everywhere against it are the faces and figures of utterly anonymous men. Look twice at them.



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Sometimes it seems as though nothing on this earth could make the

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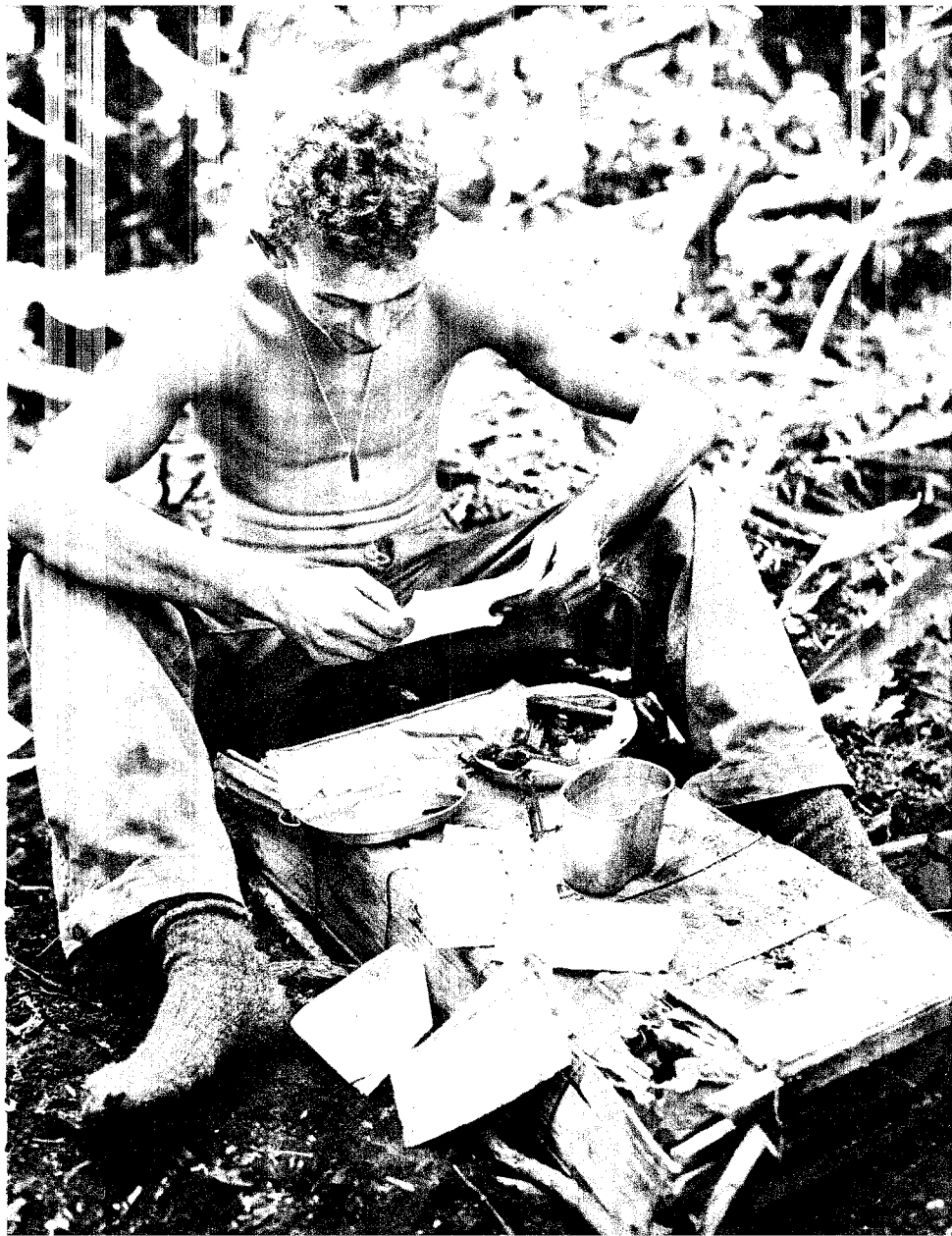


These are the homesick, weary faces of the common men who wash
their socks in their helmets . . . who live in holes and bear it





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Up front, though, these interludes can only be brief. Too soon it's time to pick up again . . . to take a last puff of a cigarette and be on the move





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These, then, are the men of the infantry, lugging themselves through as dirty a business as the world has ever seen . . . and doing it with dignity and courage and unbelievable cheerfulness. Are we ready for them? Study these faces carefully. Then, what can your answer be?

FROM THE BOSTON HERALD
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This year American women may buy \$40,000,000 worth of perfume—unmindful of the dollar and scents battle being waged between chemists and nature



by LESTER VELIE

A NEW BREED of American chemist is elbowing nature from a field she long has dominated—the manufacture of alluring scents.

In the now familiar battle between the laboratory and the earth, the chemist has already replaced natural rubber and natural silk. Now he is after another rich prize—a great new odor industry which will make the half billion dollar perfume and cosmetics business largely independent of imported scents. One that will open up new vistas of fragrance, including sweet smelling glues, aromatic house paints, and redolent floor and shoe polishes.

In quest of these rich prizes the chemist perfumer may also revolutionize the American woman's perfume habits. For while perfumers will tell you American women are still unsophisticated in the art of utilizing scents as nature intended them to be used, to excite the opposite sex, the chemist believes he can help matters by the good old fashioned American process of producing high and pricing low.

Old line perfumers look down

the end of their noses at this aim. They say that perfume selling is a tricky business in which the usual business precepts don't go. A low price may sell cars, or shoes; but it may kill perfume sales. The chemist, however, is not in a mood to listen to arguments. For the war, by shutting off the import of perfume oils, has given him his big chance.

Instead of the rose, carnation, jasmine and tuberose oils produced on the great farms in southern France, chemists at Dow and DuPont and other chemical companies are working with such homely American commonplaces as carbon from Pennsylvania coal, wastes from Wisconsin saw mills, brine from the ancient underground sea of Michigan, and oil from Texas wells to secure the basic elements to form these scents.

Not as exotic, perhaps, as myrrh of Arabia or sandalwood from India. But don't turn your nose up. With them, the chemist has come to nature's rescue more than once.

Take the scent of roses, for example. For generations Bulgarian

merchants of floral essences would put rose petals in a still with water and, by heat, drive off the fragrant constituents with steam. From two tons of rose petals they would get one pound of attar of roses and sell it at about two hundred dollars a pound.

Redolent with the concentrated sweetness of honey, rose oil has been an invaluable element in fine perfumes, and the perfumer has done all sorts of wonderful things with it. All but one. He could not make perfume from it that smelled like a rose. The distillation of the rose petal robbed it of an elusive chemical, and it would not produce the fragrance of the rose.

AT THIS point the chemist stuck his nose in. Armed with a test tube, a Bunsen burner and a piece of coal, he soon replaced the lost natural chemical and made attar of roses smell mighty like a rose again.

While the chemist has solved tough problems in making perfume, he may hit a stone wall selling it.

The American woman's perfume buying habits are hard to squeeze into a formula. Although she knows her mind on practically everything else, she becomes absolutely unpredictable when it comes to perfume. With little confidence in her own judgment she looks about for some such authority as a salesman, or an advertisement which urges her to buy "the perfume that whispers 'love me'"—or one that promises "He will, if you wear it."

There is one thing on which perfumers can rely: a woman feels more sure of her perfume if it is expensive. As a result, perfumers

have been known to boost the price of perfumes to make poorly selling perfumes more successful. Perfumers learned this lesson of the high price back in 1925 when a perfume called Christmas Night went on the market at the almost unprecedented price of 27 dollars an ounce. The trade was shocked—but the perfume caught on.

Perfumers will tell you confidentially that most perfumes cost no more than \$1.50 an ounce to make. Of course, the difference between that \$1.50 and the ultimate price (say thirty dollars an ounce, to take an extremely expensive perfume) is not all profit for the perfumer. There is the cost of the bottle and package, which may range from a few cents to several dollars, and there is the further cost of advertising and the retailer's markup.

Stores in which most perfumes are sold take a 75 to 100 per cent markup. In other words, the perfume you may buy at five dollars an ounce costs the store from twenty-five to thirty dollars.

But the American woman is not altogether innocent of perfumery's facts of life.

Possessed for the first time of the means to satisfy her luxurious whims, the American woman—and that includes the war plant worker in dungarees as well as the socialite in mink—is clearing America's perfume counters of scents selling as high as thirty dollars an ounce and more.

Women in coveralls douse themselves with something like Yardley's Bond Street, which is advertised to provide a "fragrant moment, bringing the essence of a hundred stars—

draped evenings when crystal chandeliers glimmer on silken gowns and romance flowers on a shadowed balcony." It helps offset the unfeminizing denim. Or Tabu, the "forbidden" perfume. Women will wear Enigma ("its power mysterious, baffling") to give them confidence to go forth of an evening and conquer—or simply to talk back to the foreman.

This year, women may buy some forty million dollars' worth of perfumes. And this is only a small part of the odor business. According to the trade journal, *Drug Topics*, the annual use of toilet soaps comes to about 100 million dollars. Add to that the cold creams, cleansing creams, dentifrices, shampoos and deodorants—and you get a half billion dollar toilet goods business, all using scents and flavors.

IN THESE days of diminished male supply, among the best selling perfumes are those with a frank animal note in them—musk, ambergris, civet or approximations to suggest the odor of the human body or of well groomed hair. Some of the perfumer's slogans frankly accentuate the primitive.

Unsophisticated indeed is the woman who still clings to the light and sentimental floral fragrances of more calm, peacetime days. Floral scents, to be quite blunt, have no sex appeal. And the lady who uses a strictly flower perfume, as one perfumer puts it, isn't attracting anybody, unless it's a bee.

To use perfume badly, or to fail to use it at all is a downright distortion of natural instincts, perfumers will tell you. The chemist, who agrees heartily, hopes to bring

this about with a wider range of moderately priced perfumes.

Although women in some sections of the country are becoming increasingly aware of the value of perfume, others still lag behind. New York has long been the biggest scent buying center, and before the war one of every three high grade bottles of perfume was sold there. Hollywood, Washington and Chicago are also perfume conscious. It is the Middle West (outside of Chicago) that lags farthest behind in scent sophistication.

In France where the modern art of the perfumer was developed, sophisticated women work at selecting a perfume.

Generally, they follow a few simple rules that have nothing to do with the label or the price.

The young girl should abjure heavy perfumes, should wear blossoming, "poetic" scents. Dark, heavy persons might use light evasive odors to contrast with their type, or heavy odors to harmonize. For the middle aged woman, perfumers advise refreshing types.

When buying or testing a perfume, don't simply whiff it from the bottle. Try a touch of it on your hand. Its odor may be quite different from what it is in the bottle. A low grade perfume may not smell as well later as it does from the bottle. A fine perfume may improve upon evaporation.

The real test of a perfume, however, is its effect on the male. That is why there are so few female perfumers in the industry. A good perfumer is born, not made, for he must have a natural talent for smells and be able to spot twenty or more separate constituent odors in

a perfume where the lay nose only smells one.

The perfumer's nose may tell him that a scent is pleasant or unpleasant or permit him to spot a true substitute for odors already known, but even his nose isn't always reliable in spotting a "hit perfume." That is a gamble in which the wheel of fortune may stop on a lucky perfumer's number for reasons he himself could not have predicted. In the late 1920s, the house of Guerlain, which had had many successes, introduced Djedi. It was a bust. At about the same time De Raymond appeared with "Mimzy." People who couldn't remember Djedi, did remember Mimzy. It was a hit.

The firm of Bourjois provides another reminder that names can make a perfume. Bourjois once put on a radio program under the name Evening in Paris. Soon women, the country over, were writing in for Evening in Paris perfume. There was no such perfume. Bourjois hastened to produce one speedily and it, too, was a hit.

The sale of perfumes may arise from no one smash name or idea but from a long term application of superior showmanship. The late

Prince Matchabelli, whose perfumes still accent the royal note with a czarist crown as a trademark, so impressed his customers with his nobility that department store buyers used to put on striped pants and dress their sales girls in evening clothes when Prince Matchabelli came to visit.

While hit names, smash ideas and lucky packages, or a combination of all three, may produce a successful perfume, the perfume itself must make the grade too. Master perfumers berate capricious fortune which passes up products on which they have lavished from one to four years of labor. Yet, the public can respond, and often does, to perfumes which are recognized by experts as a masterpiece—Coty's Chypre and Chanel No. 5, to mention a couple.

Coty's Chypre formula is a closely guarded secret (a fine perfume may have as many as fifty different constituents) and, unlike the formula for a patented chemical compound like Nylon, it will never be known to the outside world. For perfumes cannot be analyzed. A perfume house may own as many as ten thousand perfume formulas, locked away in safes or vaults each

In the November, 1944, issue of Coronet we ran a full-color picture of the late Franklin Delano Roosevelt which was adjudged one of the best color portraits ever taken of him. At that time reproductions of this picture were made available in response to our readers' requests.

The tragic news of his death has brought a renewed demand for reprints of this portrait and as a service to our readers we have made another printing. If you wish to obtain this picture of Franklin Delano Roosevelt please address your request to the Reprint Editor, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and enclose 10c to cover mailing expenses.

night. You can't learn to be a perfumer by reading a book—for no perfumery book will reveal formulas with which you can start a perfume business.

Perfumers are eternally searching for ideas for master perfumes. One of the ideas, cherished by a noted perfumer-chemist, is to simulate the smell of women's hair. When asked what women's hair smells like, the chemist-perfumer says, "it depends on whether it's a blonde or a brunette." Pressed further, he says, "the blonde's

hair has a more delicate smell."

This perfume, when it comes, like other perfumes of the future, will be a blend of synthesizing, heightening and glamorizing the natural. For while the chemist in his laboratory can concoct a heady, all synthetic perfume, it will not be expedient to do so as long as nature continues to produce some ingredients more cheaply than man. Skill is not lacking in American laboratories to create allure. But it is a wise woman who knows how to harness these skills successfully.

Young Hopefuls

FINDING HIMSELF with golf clubs but no golf balls, an American pilot in England decided to insert a want-ad in the local paper. Among his replies was this letter:

"Dear American Officer, I am Peter Turner, age nine. I will trade four golf balls for two packages of candy or chewing gum. But if you fly a B-17 or a B-24, you can have the golf balls for nothing." —PVT. H. E. CLEARY

IN HOMERVILLE, GEORGIA, Mrs. W. F. Monneck stopped to buy some rolls at the bakery. Her small daughter quietly eyed the frosted cakes. When her mother left, she lingered. Then, turning to the baker, she asked hopefully, "Who does your bowl licking for you?" —PAUL CHURCHER

THE ELEMENTARY PUPILS of a private school were asked by their music teacher to use their imaginations and bring into class anything, except a regular instrument, with which to produce musical notes. Most of the pupils concentrated on makeshift string and wind instruments. But one bright lad, whose parents belonged to the country club set, showed up in class with several empty whiskey bottles and a corkscrew. The teacher, an ardent dry, was shocked. What connection, she demanded, did the whiskey bottles and the corkscrew have with music?

The little boy, deadly serious, began to tap the empties with the cork-puller. "See," he demonstrated. "Chimes." —EVELYN DOBBS HYND

ON A RECENT EVENING, the three-year-old daughter of a couple in Syracuse knelt alongside the crib to say her prayers. She had been told that on the following morning her parents were taking her to New York City, where they were going to make their future home. And so the little girl finished her evening prayers thus: "God bless daddy and God bless mommy. And goodbye, God—we're all goin' to New York."

—AVERY HALE

Game Book



portrait of a murder

"Inspector McCaffrey reporting . . . there has been a murder uptown . . . Sylvia Courtney, famed Oriental art collector, has been shot to death . . . a lock on the china closet was broken . . . a valuable jade Buddha is missing . . . we are holding Anson, the houseman, for questioning . . ."

According to Anson's story, Sylvia Courtney had entertained two guests that afternoon. They were Regina, the well-known palmist, and John Markham, museum curator and connoisseur of fine art. Regina told their fortunes with cards after which Anson served tea. Not much later the houseman drove

both guests home. He claims he did not return immediately but rather spent some time downtown picking up packages for Miss Courtney. *"Inspector McCaffrey reporting on the murder of Sylvia Courtney . . . we have heard and checked the veracity of her houseman's story . . . we have studied the scene of the crime . . . we have called in Regina and Markham . . . we find the murderer left no clues, but the murdered woman left two . . . the killer has signed a confession . . . with the name . . ."*

Who killed Sylvia Courtney? It is possible for you to say. Check your answer with that given on page 83.

PERSONALITIES in Paint

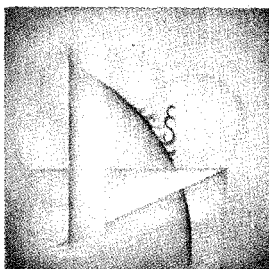
GINGER ROGERS
BORIS KARLOFF
CARMEN MIRANDA
JIMMY DURANTE
GREER GARSON
ORSON WELLES
BETTE DAVIS
CHARLES BOYER
HEDY LAMARR

The nine designs below were prepared by students of Professor T. D. Jones at the University of Kansas to represent the personalities of nine well-known movie stars. The stars' names appear at the left. Your job is to match up each name with its proper "portrait." Bear in mind that the artists made no attempt to suggest physical characteristics. Rather, they tried to convey personality by abstract form, line, color, movement and mood. Recognition results, from hundreds of people taking Mr. Jones' test, far exceeded mathematical probabilities—proof that personalities can be portrayed pictorially, in this way. Answers on page 83.

1.



2.



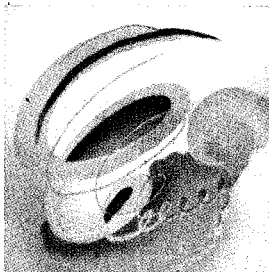
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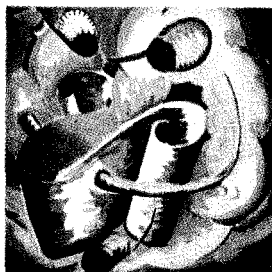
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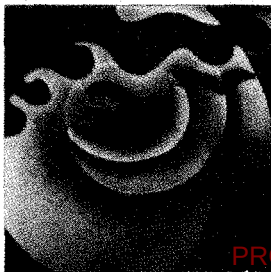
5.



6.



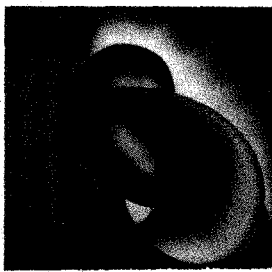
7.



8.



9.





Too often we find ourselves frightened by legal terms—high sounding words which have little or no meaning for us, yet which we know bear significance. Below are some with which we all should be familiar. You have heard them often, but how many do you know? Just one of the three choices under each statement is correct. If you select nine to twelve terms correctly, your rating is superior. Seven to nine right is good. When you have finished, turn to page 83 where you will find the answers listed.

1. Compulsion by threat.
 - (a) undue influence
 - (b) parole
 - (c) duress
2. An action to recover possession of personal property.
 - (a) replevin
 - (b) subpoena
 - (c) bill of attainder
3. Relinquishing some right or claim.
 - (a) cloture
 - (b) waiver
 - (c) escheat
4. Return of land to the state if owner dies without legal heirs.
 - (a) abrogation
 - (b) escheat
 - (c) eminent domain
5. An exorbitant rate of interest.
 - (a) usury
 - (b) tort
 - (c) duress
6. A written statement sworn before an authorized person.
 - (a) affidavit
 - (b) decree
 - (c) ordinance
7. A major crime.
 - (a) misdemeanor
 - (b) tort
 - (c) felony
8. A person authorized to vote for another.
 - (a) constituent
 - (b) consignor
 - (c) proxy
9. A writ commanding someone to appear in court.
 - (a) subpoena
 - (b) judgment
 - (c) affidavit
10. The complaining party in any litigation.
 - (a) attorney
 - (b) vendor
 - (c) plaintiff
11. Able to pay one's debts.
 - (a) solvent
 - (b) voidable
 - (c) insolvent
12. A sealed agreement between two or more parties.*
 - (a) indenture
 - (b) incumbrance
 - (c) indemnity



Let's go Shopping

Here's an opportunity to go shopping without spending a penny. There are sixteen things to buy. Under each one three shops are listed. You must choose the shop at which the product named can be purchased. Between ten and twelve right is a fair score, twelve to fourteen is good and over fourteen is very good. Turn to page 83 for the correct answers.

1. PORGY
 - (a) Music Store
 - (b) Fish Market
 - (c) Antique Shop
2. METRONOME
 - (a) Hardware Store
 - (b) Stationery Store
 - (c) Music Store
3. SNOOD
 - (a) Women's Wear Shop
 - (b) Furniture Store
 - (c) Fish Market
4. BRIOCHE
 - (a) Book Store
 - (b) French Pastry Shop
 - (c) Millinery Shop
5. BRAD
 - (a) Hardware Store
 - (b) Jewelry Shop
 - (c) Fish Market
6. HASSOCK
 - (a) Furniture Store
 - (b) Men's Wear Store
 - (c) Fruit Store
7. BOLERO
 - (a) Game Shop
 - (b) Cutlery Store
 - (c) Women's Wear Shop
8. BASSINET
 - (a) Infants' Shop
 - (b) Bakery Shop
 - (c) Needlework Shop
9. BERET
 - (a) Liquor Store
 - (b) Perfume Shop
 - (c) Millinery Shop
10. ESCAROLE
 - (a) Music Store
 - (b) Women's Wear Shop
 - (c) Vegetable Store
11. SARDONYX
 - (a) Stationery Store
 - (b) Jewelry Shop
 - (c) Meat Market
12. HUARACHES
 - (a) Pet Shop
 - (b) Upholstery Shop
 - (c) Shoe Store
13. SNUFFERS
 - (a) Music Store
 - (b) Antique Shop
 - (c) Drug Store
14. CHIHUAHUA
 - (a) Grocery Store
 - (b) Seed Store
 - (c) Pet Shop
15. PUTTEES
 - (a) Paint Store
 - (b) Army and Navy Store
 - (c) Hardware Store
16. PALETTE
 - (a) French Pastry Shop
 - (b) Women's Wear Shop
 - (c) Art Material Store



Where in the World

In our minds people and things are closely associated with times and places. This quiz is designed to test your ability to associate people and things with islands, rivers and cities. Sometimes this association will be based on true fact. Sometimes it will be based simply on a linking of ideas. You get two points for each question you're able to answer correctly. Consider sixty a fair score. Between seventy and eighty is good, and over eighty very good. See how well you can do. The answers are on page 83.

Disregarding time and space limitations, upon what island or group of islands would you expect to meet:

1. An immigrant to the U. S.
2. Winston Churchill
3. A federal prisoner
4. Hirohito
5. Duke of Windsor
6. Statue of Liberty
7. A ferris wheel
8. Captain James Cook
9. Napoleon Bonaparte in exile
10. Captain Alfred Dreyfus
11. Bougainville
12. An innocent young girl
13. Pearl Harbor
14. A goat
15. A Dagwood Bumstead Special

Disregarding time and space limitations, upon or near what rivers would you expect to meet:

16. Mark Twain
17. Mobile, Alabama
18. A prospector for gold
19. Cleopatra
20. Dolores Del Rio
21. Westminster Abbey
22. A man in a tweed suit
23. Strauss

24. Rip Van Winkle
25. James Wolfe
26. Bob Burns
27. A female warrior
28. Rome
29. Boulder Dam
30. Niagara Falls

Disregarding time and space limitations, in what city would you expect to meet:

31. Brigham Young
32. Mayor Hague
33. Mary Baker Eddy
34. WLW announcer
35. Charles Dickens
36. Chaucer
37. Joan of Arc
38. Lana Turner
39. Marco Polo
40. Capt. Miles Standish
41. William Allen White
42. Haile Selassie
43. Shakespeare
44. Montcalm
45. Betty Smith
46. Albert Einstein
47. The "Little Flower"
48. Aimee Semple MacPherson
49. Texas Guinan
50. Mackenzie King

It's a **B** *lond*



Not whether you prefer blonds, but whether you can identify blonds is important in this quiz. Under each of the fourteen general subjects listed below are given three choices, only one of which, in relation to the others, can be termed as blond. You are asked to indicate the blond in each case. For instance, if given the general heading "Storybook Characters," and three choices: Rose Red, Goldilocks and Peter Pan, the correct answer would be Goldilocks. More than twelve right is a very good score; between ten and twelve right is good and between seven and nine is fair. Check your answers with those given on the answer page, opposite.

1. ACTRESSES

- (a) Loretta Young
- (b) Ann Sheridan
- (c) Veronica Lake

2. WINES

- (a) Sauterne
- (b) Ruby Port
- (c) Claret

3. COMIC CHARACTERS

- (a) Dick Tracy
- (b) Superman
- (c) Mrs. Bumstead

4. BIRDS

- (a) Raven
- (b) Parakeet
- (c) Canary

5. GEMS

- (a) Garnet
- (b) Emerald
- (c) Amber

6. CANDY

- (a) Taffy
- (b) Licorice
- (c) Chocolate

7. METALS

- (a) Gold
- (b) Copper
- (c) Lead

8. FLOWERS

- (a) Delphinium
- (b) Buttercup
- (c) Poinsettia

9. DOGS

- (a) Great Dane
- (b) Doberman Pinscher
- (c) Irish Setter

10. VIOLINISTS

- (a) Fritz Kreisler
- (b) Jascha Heifetz
- (c) Yehudi Menuhin

11. ACTORS

- (a) Lawrence Tibbett
- (b) Van Johnson
- (c) Jack Benny

12. WOODS

- (a) Ebony
- (b) Cedar
- (c) Basswood

13. MARX BROTHERS

- (a) Groucho
- (b) Harpo
- (c) Chico

14. COINS

- (a) Penny
- (b) Sovereign
- (c) Centime

Answers

Where in the World

1. Ellis Island
2. British Isles
3. Alcatraz
4. Japan
5. Bahamas
6. Bedloe's Island
7. Coney Island
8. Cook Island
9. Elba or St. Helena
10. Devil's Island
11. Solomon Islands
12. Virgin Islands
13. Hawaii
14. Goat Island
15. Sandwich Islands
16. Mississippi
17. Mobile
18. Klondike
19. Nile
20. Rio Grande
21. Thames
22. Tweed
23. Danube
24. Hudson
25. St. Lawrence
26. Arkansas
27. Amazon
28. Tiber
29. Colorado
30. Niagara
31. Salt Lake City
32. Jersey City
33. Boston
34. Cincinnati
35. London
36. Canterbury
37. Orléans
38. Hollywood
39. Venice
40. Plymouth
41. Emporia
42. Addis Ababa
43. Stratford-on-Avon
44. Quebec
45. Brooklyn
46. Princeton
47. New York
48. Los Angeles
49. New York
50. Ottawa

Legal Lingo

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. (c) duress | 7. (c) felony |
| 2. (a) replevin | 8. (c) proxy |
| 3. (b) waiver | 9. (a) subpoena |
| 4. (b) escheat | 10. (c) plaintiff |
| 5. (a) usury | 11. (a) solvent |
| 6. (a) affidavit | 12. (a) indenture |

Personalities in Paint

- | | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Charles Boyer | 5. Ginger Rogers |
| 2. Greer Garson | 6. Jimmy Durante |
| 3. Bette Davis | 7. Boris Karloff |
| 4. Hedy Lamarr | 8. Carmen Miranda |
| 9. Orson Welles | |

It's a Blend

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. (c) Veronica Lake | 8. (b) Buttercup |
| 2. (a) Sauterne | 9. (a) Great Dane |
| 3. (c) Mrs. Bumstead | 10. (c) Yehudi Menuhin |
| 4. (c) Canary | 11. (b) Van Johnson |
| 5. (c) Amber | 12. (c) Basswood |
| 6. (a) Taffy | 13. (b) Harpo |
| 7. (a) Gold | 14. (b) Sovereign |

Portrait of a Murder

Two clues, deliberately left by the dead woman, betray Regina, the palmist, as her murderer. Before she died, Sylvia Courtney turned up the Queen of Diamonds, knowing that the Latin word for Queen is Regina. For further condemnation she pulled out one of the Chinaman's hands, an indicative symbol of the murderer's profession.

Let's Go Shopping

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. (b) Fish Market | 9. (c) Millinery Shop |
| 2. (c) Music Store | 10. (c) Vegetable Store |
| 3. (a) Women's Wear Shop | 11. (b) Jewelry Shop |
| 4. (b) French Pastry Shop | 12. (c) Shoe Store |
| 5. (a) Hardware Store | 13. (b) Antique Shop |
| 6. (a) Furniture Store | 14. (c) Pet Shop |
| 7. (c) Women's Wear Shop | 15. (b) Army and Navy Store |
| 8. (a) Infants' Shop | 16. (c) Art Material Store |

Criminals in WHITE

by ARCHIE McFEDRIES

ON THE AFTERNOON of August 6, 1923, Frank W. Taylor, Jr., managing editor of the hard-hitting St. Louis *Star*, summoned Harry Thompson Brundidge, the paper's ace reporter, and gave him one of the most important assignments in journalistic history.

Taylor informed Brundidge he had heard whispers that thousands of fake doctors were in practice throughout the land. According to the rumors, these quacks were somehow being equipped with fraudulent backgrounds and credentials and successfully palming themselves off as doctors.

There had been, for example, the case of a so-called physician in Connecticut who, after killing a patient in his office by an overdose of ether, confessed that he actually was an electrician who had, just a few months before the fatality, hung up a doctor's shingle after purchasing high school, pre-medical school and medical college diplomas from a fast-talking stranger for 3,500 dollars. The Connecticut case had been but one of dozens of its kind that had broken out like a lethal rash from coast to coast.

"Unquestionably," said Taylor, today executive assistant to Marshall Field, publisher of the Chicago *Sun*, "these quacks are being supplied with their credentials by a highly organized group of criminals

who are working undercover on a national scale. Your job, Harry, is to go through the diploma mill yourself and dig up sufficient facts to smash the gang."

"Any leads?" asked Brundidge, a cagey fellow in his twenties.

"Just one," said the managing editor. "There's a man named Robert Adcox right here in St. Louis who calls himself a doctor but who might be a diploma-mill graduate from all I hear."

That night, Harry Brundidge, now going under the name of Harry Thompson, checked into a furnished room on Delmar Boulevard two doors away from Adcox's residence. The reporter had already completely changed his identity. Late that afternoon he had obtained a job as a salesman with the Meteor Coal Company.

As luck would have it, Brundidge developed a sore throat which, coupled with the proximity of his room to Adcox's house, gave him a perfect excuse for visiting the suspected practitioner. Adcox was a dumpy man of about fifty with gray hair, horn-rimmed glasses and greed written all over his face. A diploma from a Grade-B medical college hung prominently in his crowded waiting room.

Adcox, patently functioning on an assembly line basis, made a hasty and highly unprofessional ex-

amination of the reporter's throat, mumbled impressively, and then swathed the throat with an iodine solution. "That'll be two dollars," said Adcox, holding out his hand. "Come back again tomorrow."

During the next two weeks, Brundidge contrived to get on friendly terms with Adcox, and even got an order for coal from him. One night Brundidge confided that it had always been his ambition to be a doctor. "You could still be a doctor," said Adcox, "if you had enough money, and knew the right people."

Brundidge wanted to know who the right people were, and how much money he would need, adding that he had saved 1,200 dollars. Adcox said he would discuss that with him later.

The next night Brundidge saw Adcox again. "I've been doing a little checking on you, Harry," said Adcox, "just to make certain you're not a reporter or a detective. Now, if I can get somebody to make a doctor out of you for 1,200 dollars do you think that you could get some of your friends to spend from three to four thousand dollars each to the doctors, too?"

Brundidge, a superb actor, grew enthusiastic. Two days later Adcox took him to Kansas City, where he introduced him to a man he called Dr. Black, who occupied a sumptuous seven room suite in the Minor Building.

It required only a few days to transform Brundidge into Harry Thompson, M.D. and specialist in the electro-therapy field. Black equipped him with a pre-dated high school certificate bearing the seal of the State of Missouri, a

similarly dated diploma from the National University of Arts and Sciences (a Grade-B St. Louis medical school no longer in existence), a license to practice medicine in Tennessee, and a contrivance that Dr. Black referred to as a sucker machine.

Back in St. Louis, Adcox, now revealed as the local agent for the diploma mill and lucratively doubling in brass as a quack, gave Brundidge instructions in the use of the sucker machine. The contraption, worth perhaps 25 dollars, roughly resembled a large radio set. When it was plugged into an electric socket and dials were turned, various buzzing sounds emanated from it, bells rang and multicolored lights went on—all meaningless.

"The idea," Adcox explained, "is to tell your patients that this machine is worth ten thousand dollars and that it's the newest Viennese discovery for diagnosis. All you do is take a drop of blood from a patient's ear lobe, put it on a slide and stick it in the machine. When the lights go on and the machine starts buzzing and ringing, you make whatever diagnosis you think they'll swallow, give them some harmless pills and charge 'em 25 dollars."

Brundidge's guess was that the Kansas City man whom Adcox called Dr. Black was, if not the head of the diploma mill, pretty close to the top. Checking, Brundidge learned that the name Black was an assumed one and the man actually was a renegade physician. The reporter decided the quickest means of getting on close terms with Black would be by way of a monetary approach; so he paid the

doctor a visit and outlined a glowing plan to open branch offices in Mexico.

Black, after checking with the Meteor Coal Company, decided Brundidge was just the type of young man to do it, and the *Star* reporter was taken on right in Black's offices to learn the ropes.

Meanwhile, other *Star* reporters, including Roy Alexander, who is now one of the senior editors of *Time*, had been running down the source of the diplomas and the medical license that Black had sold to Brundidge. At first it had been thought that the certificates were counterfeits but now it turned out that they were quite authentic. That could mean only one thing: crooks highly placed in educational and official circles, who had access to bona fide diplomas and licenses, were selling them to the mill.

A frequent caller at Black's offices was a mild-mannered, scholarly gentleman of middle age named Professor William P. Sachs. Brundidge checked his record and found that Professor Sachs had been at one time the dean of the National University of Arts and Sciences in St. Louis, from which Brundidge's diploma had originated. Subsequently, Professor Sachs had been appointed examiner of schools for the entire state of Missouri.

While Professor Sachs now held no official position, it was likely that he had come into possession of large batches of blank diplomas while in his educational posts. It was hard to believe that an educator had been dishonest, but there was no other inference to be drawn.

During his training period in Black's offices, Brundidge kept his

eyes and ears open. Bit by bit, he gathered up the salient facts and figures and names and dates.

The mill had been in operation for nearly ten years, but it had been confined for the most part to Missouri until the nation-wide influenza epidemic of 1918, when physicians were unable to treat everyone who sought their services. The mill took advantage of this situation.

The more intelligent men who were going through the mill were equipped with spurious credentials accrediting them with three years of medical study and then they actually attended classes for their senior year in the B and C colleges.

In some states, where supervision of the medical profession was stringent, the mill students, after going through the motions of a senior year in medical school, actually took examinations before state medical boards. Once Black took 42 students to a hotel in New Haven the night before a state examination in Connecticut. He had obtained an advance copy of the questions for 1,500 dollars and he worked all night with the students, giving them the answers. All but one passed.

Black and other physicians associated with him frequently acted as ringers and took examinations under the names of their clients. All told, there were about 100 key men throughout the country who were criminally linked to Black.

Brundidge, giving business as an excuse, returned to St. Louis. Taylor, his managing editor, decided that undercover investigations in various states would take a long time—time enough for the quacks

to lose countless additional lives. The reporter's intelligence was channeled to the proper official points and the *Star* came out with the first of a series of Brundidge's exposures about the mill on October 15, 1923—little more than two months after the reporter had received his assignment. Simultaneous arrests were made throughout the country.

There were immediate nationwide repercussions. The various states began checking the credentials of all physicians, and the offices of thousands of quacks closed within 48 hours. A committee of the United States Senate began an investigation. President Coolidge summoned Brundidge to the White House and questioned him about the overall picture.

Adcox and Professor Sachs made confessions to Brundidge and the Missouri authorities. Then the men agreed to travel with the *Star* man

and testify before juries in several states. As a result, more than one hundred key figures in the medical mill were sentenced to terms in state and Federal penitentiaries.

One by one, most of the states passed laws, as a direct result of the *Star* (now the *Star-Times*) exposures, forbidding graduates of all B and C medical colleges to practice medicine. Consequently, all such colleges—almost a score of them—quickly shut down. Strict anti-quack laws were passed in many states and the thousands of mill doctors returned to the jobs they had held before tampering with human lives.

Today Harry Thompson Brundidge, an associate editor of *Cosmopolitan*, can look back with satisfaction on what he did 22 years ago. The results of his reportorial work have made it impossible for the diploma-mill evil to exist again—today, or in the future.



Scornets



DURING ONE of those moments of silence on the bus came the shrill remark, "I never associate with my inferiors, do you?"

"I don't know," was the cold reply. "I've never met any of your inferiors."

—*American Analyst*

PERCY HAMMOND, the oldtime dramatic critic, had been barred from Shubert theatres for some time because of his venomous criticism. On the opening night of a new play, the order was relaxed to admit him for one performance only. It was a fatal mistake.

The final paragraph of his next

morning's column read: "Upon looking over my report I find I have knocked everything but the chorus girls' legs—but nature has anticipated me there."

—THEODORE RUBIN

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW attended a dull party given by a society matron. After some minutes of tortured conversation, he retired to a corner. Spying him, the hostess rushed over.

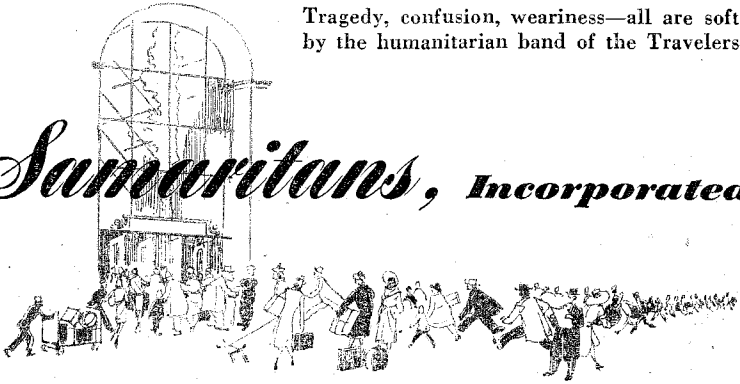
"I do hope you are enjoying yourself, Mr. Shaw!" she gushed.

"Have no fear, Madam," he replied wearily. "That's all I am enjoying!"

—E. E. EDGAR

Tragedy, confusion, weariness—all are softened
by the humanitarian band of the Travelers Aid

Samaritans, Incorporated



by ANN FIELDS

A WIRE ARRIVED one night not long ago, at headquarters of the Travelers Aid in New York City. It said: "Moving two thousand troops through city. Men can't leave train. Can you serve doughnuts and coffee at five to men aboard?" It was signed by the commanding officer. Almost immediately, it was relayed by telephone to Donald S. Stralem, a banker and president of the New York branch of Travelers Aid, who was entertaining at dinner in his Manhasset home. "I'm sorry," he said to his guests, "I have to leave. I have a job to do."

The time was ten p.m. In seven hours, Stralem would have to arrange to feed two thousand men. He got Ralph Mahan, one of the New York directors of Travelers Aid, on the phone: "Start calling for volunteers," he said, "to be at Pennsylvania Station by four. Keep calling until you get enough."

Just a week before, the Travelers Aid had announced the opening of enlarged accommodations at Pennsylvania Station. But there had been delays—at the moment there

wasn't a doughnut or a drop of coffee in the place.

Stralem headed for Horn & Hardart, New York restaurateurs. He wanted five thousand doughnuts. He wanted fifty gallons of coffee. What's more, he wanted all this within a few hours. Horn & Hardart was floored. Where to get bakers? Where to get sugar? "We must have them," said Stralem, looking at his watch.

Finally, by some miracle of management and organization, Horn & Hardart came through with the order. And meanwhile Ralph Mahan had gotten his volunteers out of their beds—one hundred strong. It was four a.m.

Perspiring and sleepless, Stralem mopped his brow. "What do we do now," Mahan asked him, wearily. Stralem grinned: "I know what I do," he said, and stretched out on a vacant station bench.

At five he was up. Joining the hundred volunteers, he pitched in, helping to load trays with doughnuts until two thousand hungry soldiers had eaten their fill. At nine o'clock he arrived at his Wall Street

banking office, to put in a full day's work.

Almost wistfully he remembers the long night. "Those men we served," he says, "—they were some of Carlson's Raiders."

VENERABLE WITH the tradition of service, Travelers Aid is today one of America's most valuable public enterprises. For the past four years—with millions of workers shifting, with millions of men called from their homes into service, with hordes of puzzled people on the march—the organization has helped keep a vast stream of humanity flowing smoothly. And they have done it with little or no public recognition of the enormity of the task. So quietly and efficiently has Travelers Aid operated that even its public drives for funds seem to pass almost unnoticed.

Yet last year, the New York City branch alone served no less than 3,624,485 members of the armed forces—in addition to some 232,772 civilians who also happened to "pass their way."

Almost any night of duty at a Travelers Aid station is packed with all the drama of a Hollywood thriller. The doors of the station open—but never close—to men, women, and children of all ages and of all creeds. Here is where a sad-eyed mother seeks help and information about her boy in service. Here a happy sailor out on a spree shyly asks: "Where can I take my girl on ten dollars?" Here a sullen girl in wrinkled clothes, broke and alone, repeats stubbornly: "I will not go home—I want a job." Here a Marine slides, red-faced, up to the desk: "I've torn my pants —

can someone mend them for me?"

Unceasingly, hour after hour at Travelers Aid, the questions continue thick and fast: "What is the shortest route to my boy's camp?" "Can you help me find my daughter?" "Where can I get a room?" "I have lost my ticket; what can I do?" On and on it goes, night and day.

And always, through this conflicting maze of restless, weaving, troubled humanity, experienced workers move with swift, smooth, unruffled calm. They have come to their jobs, each equipped with a college degree from a recognized school of social work and each with four years of experience in his field. They share a grave sense of responsibility, a conscientious approach to any problem, a willingness to work at any hour—and most important, an ability to work out a practical approach to almost any human problem.

To a Travelers Aid worker, a rule is never a rule. His decisions are motivated by the particular emergency of the moment. And he must be able to recognize such an emergency, even in a tossed-off statement.

A girl in a service uniform, for instance, once walked up to the desk of the New York Society, one of 97 Travelers Aid Societies in principal cities throughout the country. "Where can I get a job?" she asked. The social worker on duty said: "You look tired—let's have a cup of tea and talk it over." The obvious answer to the girl would have been a list of employment agencies. But the woman on duty behind the desk saw tragedy in the girl's innocent statement. In

the pleasant little back office at headquarters she learned, over their cups of tea, that the girl was going to have a child; that she was unmarried and would be discharged from the service. The Travelers Aid helped her ease her difficulties—got her a job—and made arrangements for her hospitalization.

On another night, a major arrived at the Service Lounge in Pennsylvania Station and wandered around for hours. No one paid any attention to the handsome officer. Finally, he approached the girl behind the desk: "I won't take the train," he said firmly, "the M.P.s are after me." The volunteer looked up with no trace of surprise on her face: "Major," she said, "why bother to catch the train. There's a cot in back, and it's late. You go to bed—we'll phone your headquarters."

Almost automatically, the worker knew something was wrong. The major began to tremble violently. The girl reached up and put her hand through his arm. "Don't worry," she said, "you come with me." In the little back room she helped him on a cot, covered him with a blanket, and ordered some hot beef bouillon. The apoplectic tinge faded from his face, and he went off to sleep like a child.

Later, it developed he was a shell-shock victim from a local hospital. The old fright had overtaken him in the crowds. It took just a few phone calls for the volunteer to ascertain the facts of the case, and to arrange for the major's care when he awoke in the morning.

It was the arrival of a group of Senegalese soldiers which gave the New York lounge at Travelers

Aid its most hilarious evening.

Everything was new and interesting to the Senegalese. Gaping they wonderment they wandered around like children, examining everything. When they spied an American soldier taking a drink from the water fountain, they headed for the amazing contraption. In open-eyed amazement they examined it, peering into the faucet in search of the magic formula that brought forth water. By accident one pushed the button, filling another's face full of water. One by one they had to try it. They played with the fountain the entire evening. All of them were soaked—but they had a good time.

A wild-eyed girl dashed into the station one night, clutching a baby in one arm and a suitcase in the other. "You've got to find my man," she screamed. "He's tall. He's dark. He's a Cherokee Indian, and I lost him in Washington, D. C." The worker first quieted the excited woman and gave the baby some warm milk. Then she put in a call to Washington. The Cherokee Indian, equally wild, was found in the station there, trying to argue his way into the lady's lounge to "see for sure whether she's hiding in there." The mother and child were taken to the Travelers Aid Guest Home to await arrival of the missing Indian.

THE NATIONAL Travelers Aid Association had its beginning in 1851, when Bryan Mullanphy, mayor of St. Louis, left one-third of his fortune for the "aid of emigrants going West." The first modern organized Travelers Aid Society was formed in New York City in 1905.

A board of civic minded citizens there incorporated to give aid to travelers and strangers, "who by reason of ignorance, inexperience, illness or infirmity are in need of assistance . . . without charge of any kind for its services and without reference to race, nationality, religious creed, or political beliefs or affiliations."

And that's the way Travelers Aid has remained for forty years—until now it has become a pattern for other national associations throughout the country. It sustains itself solely through public donations.

The New York nerve center of the Travelers Aid is an old four-story brownstone building at 144 East 44th Street. Not once in its forty-year history have its doors been closed. This headquarters building serves both as office and as Guest Home.

It was to this home that a young sailor and his girl were brought one day, seeking aid. The girl had met him in New York, only to find he was about to be discharged—and with little money on which to live. They wanted to be married eventually, but the more immediate need was for two separate homes within the range of their limited funds. A social service worker discussed their case. They were both young and very much in love. They wanted very much to do what was right.

"Why not be married now?" asked the case worker. "Two can live in one room in New York much more inexpensively than two can live separately."

The couple was overjoyed at having such pleasant advice—but how could it be managed? The Travelers Aid paid their expenses to

a city in Connecticut, where they could marry without a wait. While they were gone, another worker secured an apartment for them and went to work to line up jobs for the two.

Later, when they were married, settled and happily working, they wrote to Travelers Aid: "We will never forget our foster guardians—we are so very happy."

In addition to the steady stream of civilians flowing in and out of New York, the Travelers Aid has, of course, found itself up against the problems of taking care of sleepless, weary-worn servicemen who must catch trains at all hours of the night. Stretching their funds to take care of this, they opened a Servicemen's Lounge in each of the two major New York stations. Night and day more than one thousand volunteers are available for duty at the two centers. More than eight hundred volunteer workers have given 204,864 hours of free service to the lounges. Many are business girls, some are society girls, and some are housewives.

Available to any serviceman who comes, either in distress or for comfort, are free checking services, a snack bar with hot and cold refreshments, music, writing desks and stationery. There is even someone "just to talk to." The Sleep Decks, open from midnight to six, have brought comfort to millions of tired men. They are equipped with fifty steamship deck chairs and plenty of blankets.

The New York Travelers Aid Society today, with the heaviest expenses in its history, is in its most solvent position. And in most part that is due to its dynamic presi-

dent, Donald S. Stralem. Stralem entered his father's Wall Street firm of Hallgarten & Co. at the age of 22, after graduating from Harvard University and Trinity College, Cambridge, England. He began as a runner on "the Street" for eighteen dollars a week. Later, he became his father's secretary and, in that position, traveled all over the world. When he was still a young man, his grandmother asked him to serve on the New York board of directors of the Travelers Aid. He did, and that was the beginning of his great contribution to the organization.

In 1940 the directors turned to Donald Stralem and asked him to take over the presidency. He did, and with it he took over all of the responsibilities. To the job, he brought a feeling for the work that was both sincere and humble. He was prepared, after a typical day in Wall Street in which he attends directors' meetings, studies his company's statistical problems and

talks at length with clients with investment needs, to go over to the small cubbyhole office in Travelers Aid—fresh and ready to tackle any problem. When he first took over the job, Stralem began by having office hours from 4:30 to 6:30 p.m. He ended up by working triple the time.

Each day since he became the New York president of Travelers Aid, Stralem alternates between his position of banker and the role of friend and consultant to the poor and needy. Due to the efforts of this six-foot, blue-eyed man with the easy grin and unfailing amiability, the Travelers Aid has graduated from its financial difficulties, earned itself a solid financial footing, and increased its budget to 360 thousand dollars yearly.

In 1944 Travelers Aid bought the property at 44th Street. Already they are planning to build a new post-war headquarters office and Guest Home—with much larger accommodations.

Freak Squeaks



THE ONLY PERSON known to have shot himself with his town pants was Louis Brewster of New London, Connecticut. Getting ready for bed one night, he tossed his trousers toward a handy chair. His aim was bad, and the pants flew on past, hitting a .22 caliber rifle hanging on the wall. The gun crashed to the floor and fired a bullet into Louis' chest. He recovered.



THE MAN WHO DID his traveling on a magic carpet has nothing on Mrs. Clara Banks of Houston, Texas. When Mrs. Banks saw a black cloud approaching, she prudently crawled under a kitchen table. A moment later she, the table and the cloud were sailing through the air. None too gently, she was plumped down in a cotton field hundreds of feet away, still under the table, still on the same section of floor.

GRACE POSTON

Ten million radio fans tune in their sets six mornings a week to hear the "well-planned spontaneity" of Don McNeill

Breakfast

Is a Business



by GEORGE WISWELL

EARLY EVERY morning except Sunday a radio program called the Breakfast Club is broadcast from Chicago over the Blue Network of the American Broadcasting Company. The show runs a solid hour and is divided into quarters, like a football game. You hear a few brassy numbers by a big orchestra and numerous vocal selections. There is a poem smacking sharply of E.A. Guest, twenty seconds of soft music accompanying a prayer, and a half dozen-odd interviews with honey-mooners, new and old, palm readers, sandhogs and amateur stilt-walkers—with anyone, in fact, deemed worthy by the master of ceremonies of either a handclap or laugh. Sprinkled throughout, there is a good deal of chit-chat and punning, a random sample of which follows:

Singer: I have a riddle. If a Wac is a woman soldier and a Wave is a woman sailor, what is a Woc?

M.C.: A Woc? A Woc? I don't know. What is a Woc?

Singer: A Woc is something you frow at a wabbit.

The audience whoops its enjoy-

ment despite the fact that they have roused themselves at a clammy hour and have crawled through the bleak dawn to attend. They are, in fact, in such festive spirits that at a point in the hour known as "March Time" they desert their seats to tramp around the studio, giggling and screaming and having the time of their lives.

Surely, you say, sane intellectuals will dial away from such doings in a wave of nausea. But such people may be astonished, not to say mystified, to learn that the Breakfast Club has been going on for twelve years, that it has an estimated ten million daily listeners over 240 stations in the U. S. and Canada, that fan mail flows in at the rate of forty thousand letters a month, and that Don McNeill, the "toastmaster," earns more than 100 thousand dollars a year.

Probably no other figure in radio knows his listeners better than McNeill. Once when he was about to offer BC Charter Membership cards to anyone who would write in, he warned his studio the response would be much heavier than

they anticipated. Experienced promotion men had calculated it to be at most 250 thousand over a two-month period. Within six days 870 thousand people had demanded their cards.

At 38, Don McNeill looks more like a YMCA secretary than an entertainer. He is a decently trim six feet two-and-a-half, usually wears modestly hued suits and plaid ties, and moves in a rather hesitating shamble. This gait is at least partly caused by a trick sacroiliac which slips out of place from time to time, leaving him practically helpless until a doctor can straighten him out. His round, boyish face is set beneath a thick thatch of straight brown hair. Fittingly, he has a wide range of grins, from little winsome ones to flashy, toothsome smiles, all of which he knows how to use for friendly effects.

VETERAN BC devotees rarely speak of the show without admiring that it is largely "spontaneous and unrehearsed," and that "anything can happen." This is a half truth. No one can predict what a guest will say in answering a question. But McNeill has the business sense to know the value of what he calls "planned spontaneity." One of the zaniest and apparently off hand spots on the program used to come when McNeill commanded the listeners to wrap a rug about them and salome through the room while the orchestra played something oriental. It was called "The Rug Dance."

"It doesn't matter how many persons actually danced," McNeill explains. "The mere suggestion

conjured up in the minds of the listeners a funny picture."

The whole idea of using poetry on the program each day was foisted on McNeill against his will by his program manager. Somewhat indifferent, McNeill read a poem or two and almost immediately the fan mail grew bigger.

"I found out that people want something deep along with the frivolity," he says. "Something to make them cry." Now the poems are reliably dedicated to Marriage, Love and Friendship.

"Mothers say they can let any member of the family listen to the show, because it's so clean," McNeill points out with pride. "I don't know how I got on this pedestal."

It's a rather precarious pedestal too. Once McNeill kissed a woman during the program. He soon had a deskful of complaints that while kissing was all right for the rest of the cast, McNeill was of a finer mold and would smash a lot of illusions by such indulgences. He never fell off the pedestal again.

McNeill remains carefully aloof from studio politics. For doing this, his boosters claim he is wise, and his enemies shout that he is cold-blooded. The fact that he lives and spends like a conservative manufacturer and not like an ostentatious artist probably accounts for some of the rumors that he is stingy. With his wife and three sons he occupies a large, manorial-looking house in one of the Chicago lake shore suburbs.

Recently McNeill signed a five-year contract with the American Broadcasting Company which guarantees him a thousand a week,

with a sliding scale that would quadruple that figure if his entire hour is sponsored. Since only one quarter of the show is now sponsored, McNeill courts new bosses with all the subtlety of an avalanche.

In Chicago McNeill is relatively unknown, but in lesser cities he is welcomed enthusiastically. In Springfield, Ohio, McNeill grossed 7,850 dollars for two shows. The Springfield stand precipitated an incident that is characteristic of McNeill's confidence in his Breakfast Clubbers. He had heard that the Junior Association of Commerce was worried over the contract, which bore a clause that could, if observed to the letter, practically clean out its coffers. Magnanimously, McNeill ordered the contract destroyed, a gesture which made him somewhat of a hero in those parts.

Three times McNeill has been offered movie contracts, but he has turned them all down, holding out for just the right script. "I'm no actor," he admits. "And if we should appear in the kind of musical or mystery most radio personalities get stuck with, a lot of people would be disappointed."

McNeill broke into radio while he was working his way through Marquette's school of journalism. He was offered a chance to do some announcing because a station manager liked his voice. This is beyond the credulity of many radio experts, for after twenty years on the air, McNeill still has a voice that is singularly devoid of any majesty or warmth. Nevertheless, it carried him through the struggles of the beginner and by 1932 he was on the West Coast as half of an act

called *The Two Professors*, earning three hundred dollars a week. The other professor, Van Fleming, is currently working in a war plant. When their sponsor, feeling the depression, failed to renew their contract, they headed for New York. There followed three months of unemployment.

On March 3, 1933, McNeill drew out his few remaining dollars and left for Chicago. The banks closed the next day.

In Chicago, he was invited to audition for an a.m. show known then as the Pepper Pot. Driving down from Milwaukee to Chicago, his wife took the wheel while McNeill scribbled on a slip of paper a few ideas for the audition—"First Call to Breakfast," "March Time," "Second Call to Breakfast," and a few other features that are still on the program. Thus the Breakfast Club was born. That slip of paper is still among McNeill's sentimental treasures.

The show started sluggishly. Several times the new toastmaster was tempted to leave it for a night program, but nothing panned out.

"I got fifty bucks a week for planning, writing and emceeing the whole thing. I told them I couldn't take it any longer; it was too much. They gave me permission to ad lib."

It was probably the best thing that ever happened to the show.

While the formula of the BC has remained fairly intact, the professional opinion of it has altered remarkably. Once singers, musicians and announcers were put on the program as punishment. Now the entire entertainment world considers the show "big time." In fact

its reputation is so awesome to many of the guest artists who are on occasionally that they quake with terror at the prospect of having to perform without a script. McNeill himself sometimes gets the jitters, especially when a gag falls flat and nobody is able to rescue it.

"It gets pretty awful sometimes," he said once. "Somebody says something or cracks a joke and you can't think of anything to say. Your mind's a blank. You really suffer then."

Luckily he has time to recuperate during the frequent musical numbers. This gives him time also to mouse through his large briefcase, which holds sections indexed for the various features. Further, the music enables the cast to do a bit of slapsticking, fishing for that infectious audience laughter that sometimes drifts over the air. One of the standard techniques is to hold up a sign reading: "Please

Laugh—Don Has a Wife and Three Kids To Support."

When the morning's work is finished, members of the cast, studio technicians and a few guests from the audience will form a party for breakfast downstairs in the coffee shop. The meal usually takes about an hour, after which McNeill will stop by his office to look over the mail and perhaps try out a couple of jokes with Sam Cowling, the show's comedian and stooge.

The office is small and crowded with silly and serious gifts sent in by listeners and friends. On the walls are pictures, family photographs, a half dozen plaques and awards, and a little sign directly over McNeill's desk, a gift of Ray Schindler, a detective who once appeared on the program. It says: "Why Be Difficult When With Just a Little More Effort You Can Be Impossible?"

Double Trouble

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, the ardent suffragette, was once discoursing eloquently on women's right to the ballot when she was interrupted by Horace Greeley. In his high-pitched, falsetto voice, the famous editor exclaimed, "What would you do in time of war if you had the suffrage?"

Inured to heckling, the good lady took his remark in stride. "Just what you have done, Mr. Greeley," she returned serenely, "—stay at home and urge others to go and fight!"

—JEROME GREGG

VERY FEW PEOPLE were ever able to decipher Horace Greeley's handwriting. During his editorship of the *New York Herald*, he received a manuscript from a middle-aged lady poet. The poem was so inferior that Greeley scrawled his personal rejection, advising the woman to stick to her wifely chores.

Several days later he received a breathless telephone call from the would-be poet. "Oh, Mr. Greeley," she exclaimed breathlessly, "it took me some time to make out your letter. Now that I have, I've decided to accept your proposal of marriage!"

—LOUIS HIRSCH

Out of This World

Six pages of capsule reading—varied, amusing and memorable

Ice Cream in G Flat

"Gimme ten seconds of local boy makes good"; "make like a log burning in an English-type fireplace"; "describe musically a dish of chocolate ice cream." Those are just a few of the outlandish requests fired at composers who must do the job.



Often, too, these composers get orders from producers, directors or radio writers with no knowledge of music. Probably the most astonishing was a request for "a few bars of

Of course some of the old clichés have been preserved. Violins are still used for tender scenes, the horn for open country. The oboe is used for pastorals and the bass clarinet for anything double dramatic. But on the whole, radio is originating a technique all its own in developing moods through sound alone.

—ODEN AND OLIVIA MEEKER

Czar of the Pickpockets

At a cabinet dinner not long ago, the good doctor managed to shake the late President Roosevelt's hand four times. Despite the aides who stood near by, the doctor got away undetected with his wrist watch each time.

Unlike other light-fingered gen-

try, however, Dr. Giovanni, a Hungarian with a heavy accent, never retains his loot. He's not only amazingly able, but also amazingly honest. With him it's all in fun, and picking pockets is his main stock in trade as one of the world's great entertainers, known to café society all over America and Europe.

Stealing the badge off a police chief's chest is one of Dr. Giovanni's favorite tricks. In New York, some years ago, the chief called in forty of his best detectives to watch Giovanni do his stuff. Giovanni not only stole everything the chief had



on him, but wound up with forty wallets belonging to the detectives. Now he lectures to members of police departments all over the country on how a pickpocket works and how to detect him.

Once Dr. Giovanni was invited to attend a banquet at which a leading industrialist was scheduled to deliver an important address. The speaker got up and fumbled in his tuxedo pocket for a manuscript that wasn't there while a look of horror stole across his face. Somewhere, between the time he had entered the banquet hall and the moment when he rose to speak, he had made the mistake of shaking hands with Giovanni.

—JACK STENBUCK

Time and the Penny

FOR ALMOST ninety years Londoners have been setting their timepieces by Big Ben, the famous clock atop Britain's Houses of Parliament. Today, it furnishes all England the correct time, giving Big

Ben's chimes by radio. Four seconds is the most it has ever been known to be off. Seven days out of every ten it is within one second.

The secret of the clock's perfect performance is a big English penny, placed half way up the pendulum rod of the clock on a platform which is used for carrying small weights. It goes faster with more weights, slower with few. The balance has been worked out almost perfectly.

Engineers have discovered they can keep Big Ben right on time if they put on an English penny and take it off every two weeks. This accounts for the slight deviation.

Every fortnight that the penny is allowed to rest on the platform, the clock gains a second, and loses approximately a second every two weeks the penny is off.

—MRS. N. C. MCKAY



Names Are a Giveaway

YOU MAY BE A Smith who can't drive a nail, a six-footer answering to the name of Little or a vegetarian called Scorchbeef, but back in the sixteenth century you had an English ancestor who was entitled to the name.

It was in 1538 that Henry VIII ordered the registration of all births, deaths and marriages. Both a Christian and a surname were essential to keep the records straight. Persons who had long been identified simply as John or Paul or Deborah were dubbed with a last name aimed to please the whole family. Most of the selections ran to occupations, locations, hobbies

or, as with the Littles, personal characteristics. Others were satisfied to be known as the sons of their fathers—Peterson, Davidson, Thompson.

The Smiths, America's first family in size, stem from members of an indispensable occupation in the Middle Ages. Specialization within the trade was responsible for the Goldsmiths, Blacksmiths and Armsmiths. Fishers, Hunters and Barbers had forebears in those occupations. If the worker was female, the suffix "ter" was often used. Thus Websters can trace their lineage back to a female weaver.

Locations gave us the largest group of surnames. They are the sources for Rivers, Hills, Moors, Fields, Mills and all the variations. Animals, too, had an influence on this peculiar christening of man-



kind. A brave man was named for a brave animal; a timid man for a timid animal. Consider the Bulls and Lions, and conversely the

Lambs, Hares, Harts and Deers.

John, the granddaddy of all surnames, means "God's Grace," and it means it in a lot of languages. Johnson, Jenkins, Jones, Johansen, McShane, Ivanovitch, Bevan, Owens and Evans, oddly enough, all mean sons of John.

Dispositions brought us our most amusing cognomens. There are the Slights and the Pettys, the Too-goods and the Goodenoughs. Patriarchs gave us the Olds and Elders, and physical peculiarities are responsible for names like Broadfoot and Armstrong.

When certain surnames became overcommon, the owners changed

the spelling or tacked on another name for distinction. Thus Smith becomes Smythe or Trelawny-Smith, Brown becomes Frobisher-Brown and the omnipresent Jones blossoms out as Eggleston-Jones.

Five hundred years have brought as many changes so that today you may not fit your name. But you can depend on this. Somewhere back along the line you had an ancestor who did.

—RUTH G. BURNETT

You CAN Take It With You

IF YOU'RE going to move, and like the house you live in, take it with you," say engineers who specialize in moving buildings. "It's just a matter of placing beams under the basic structure, jacking it up and sliding it onto a trailer."

However, these movers don't concentrate on small jobs. Their specialty is hospitals, churches, office buildings and apartment houses. Moving such sizable structures takes from six months to a year from the time the building is lifted from the old foundation until it is placed on the new one.

In Aberdeen, South Dakota, the Lincoln Hospital Building was moved a mile and a half. Resting on equipment weighing, in itself, three hundred tons, the four-story, 115x42 feet structure was started on its way under the impetus of eighty screw jacks. Valued at 150 thousand dollars, it was moved to the new site in a suburban area at a cost of 75 thousand dollars—a fifty per cent saving over reconstruction costs.



On a four-story apartment house

project, all the tenants continued to live in the building during the job of moving the structure back twenty feet when the street was widened.

Municipal buildings are frequently moved at a saving to taxpayers. At Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, the Dearborn Observatory, with most of the priceless equipment still in the building, except the lens of the telescope, was moved several hundred yards. The feat was accomplished at a saving, and preserved a building rich in tradition.

—WARREN BROWN

Inside Evidence

RECENTLY CIVIL authorities at an important trading outpost in Egypt discovered that an alarming flow of the drug hashish was being smuggled into the town. Although all incoming caravans had been thoroughly searched, the means of supply had not been found.

Then someone suggested that the drug was being smuggled through in the stomachs of the camels. By feeding the animal a small tin container which held the drug, the smugglers could avoid detection. The beasts could later be sold at the market to prospective customers, slaughtered and the drug removed intact.

At the local British Army Intelligence Headquarters a delegation of consternated civil authorities explained their suspicions and the problem. Camels could not be selected at random and cut open for investigation; they were too valuable, and besides, probably only a few from the hundreds that

daily entered the city were carrying contraband in their stomachs. The British got their heads together and came up with a solution.

The next morning a small booth was set up at the gates. A metal tube protruded through a small opening. As the caravans passed through, every now and then a man would appear from the booth and nod to the guards. That camel would be detained. At the end of the day forty out of a thousand beasts were being held. These the British turned over to civil authorities stating that each one was carrying hashish. Over the protests of the offended owners, the camels were killed. Every one yielded the inside evidence, and the smugglers were prosecuted.



Long after, the booth remained at the gates infallibly singling out the guilty. The protruding tube was a mine detector, directed at the camels' stomachs, buzzing noisily every time a beast passed with metal inside. —JOHN W. WASSMER

Into Thy Keeping

THE RED CROSS man had been narrating case histories most of the night. "I'll tell you one more story," he said.

"Go ahead," I replied. "I like to hear your stories."

"It was one of my first cases," he explained. "I was sent up to a staging area in New York. There was a lot of activity when I arrived—a regiment of paratroopers was pulling out for the P.O.E.

"They were a bunch of big, tough soldiers, but the toughest of

all was one of the company commanders—a red-faced Irish captain.

“First thing I did was swing a deal for some coffee and cookies for the men, but the captain wasn’t at all pleased. Strictly GI, he seemed to think that I was holding up the war effort, even though the troop train wasn’t yet ready for boarding. He stomped away, growling and cussing. While the coffee was being served a corporal came over to me. He was broad-shouldered and sober-looking, but he had the face of a twenty-year-old boy.

“Sir,” he said, ‘I don’t like to bother you at a time like this—but you see, sir, I’m Jewish. My father died just a year ago today, and there’s a prayer that Jewish boys say for their parents on the anniversary of their death. Well, I told my mother I’d be sure to observe it, no matter where I was, but there has to be what you might call a small congregation—at least ten participants. You know how those customs are. So if you could get me a Jewish chaplain . . .’

“There was no time to look for a chaplain. ‘Son,’ I suggested, ‘how about me conducting the service? Do you have a prayer book?’

“‘Why yes,’ he said, ‘but how about the participants?’

“‘I’ll take care of that,’ I said.

“He dug deep into his field



jacket pocket and came up with a battered Hebrew-English book. I quieted his buddies and explained the situation. His entire

platoon gathered around. That was one of the most impressive things I’ve ever seen—those hard-boiled paratroopers, men ready to embark

for God knew where, solemnly standing around with their helmets, packs and rifles, witnessing a ceremony most of them had never heard of before. I began the prayer, and the area was quiet as a church. When I finished I looked up. The Irish captain was standing next to me with tears in his eyes.

“‘Mister,’ he said awkwardly, ‘I just got this telegram. My mother is dead. Will you say a prayer for *me* now?’”

—SGT. HAROLD WINERIP

Amateur Reporters

DURING THE PAST fifteen years, aggressive newspapers of the nation have acquired millions of amateur reporters—mainly through appealing to our gossipy instincts by way of the cash award road.

Down in New Mexico, while the wreckage was still smoking after a derailed Santa Fe freight car blew up a trainload of aerial bombs—and long before wire news services had the story, some 25 subscribers of the *Amarillo News-Globe* in Texas were jamming the wires in a frantic effort to be first in with the news to the paper.

In Pittsburgh, recently, an Army deserter took a chance and offered to play in a baseball game. He was recognized by a *Sunday Telegraph* tipster before the first pitch—and MPs grabbed him while he was warming up for a toss to first base. In Hartford, Connecticut, amateur pictures taken by *Courant* subscribers on the spot at the disastrous Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey fire were so good that the



State's Attorney's office requested a complete set for evidence.

Morton Sontheimer, Scripps-Howard editor and author of *News-paperman*, once estimated that ninety per cent of the persons who phone in so-called important stories never have one. The real news gold lies with the remaining ten per cent, and many an editor has had the thrill of receiving an unexpected nugget.

Who knows—there may yet be a Pulitzer prize for the best neighborhood snooping of the year.

—ROBERT SOTHERN

Collectors in Khaki

DURING MONTHS of inactivity and boredom overseas, many GIs have become curious about their surroundings. This is particularly true in those lush and lonely outposts of the South Pacific. As a result, museums all over the country—apparently remembered as the logical sources for information on Mother Nature's exotic objects—have been flooded with questions ranging all the way from how to make a tropical isle produce sweet corn to how to extract pearls from coconuts.

But more than questions have come in to the museums. Soldiers who once lived in happy civilian ignorance of the Micronesian incubator bird have turned into amateur naturalists, collecting in furious earnest. Most of these items have gone to zoos and museums, either as outright gifts or to be held until the war is over. Skulls, skins, recordings of bird songs, jungle drums, amulets, carved walrus tusks and animals alive and dead,

are piling into a mountain of natural history material for study and exhibition.

One collector alone has sent the American Museum in New York several thousand insects from India. An ancient stone head now being studied by the museum's anthropological department bears absolutely no resemblance to anything ever found anywhere in the world before. It was discovered by a soldier while digging a foxhole on a beach at Guadalcanal.

Insects and spiders have been exported by soldiers in large numbers. They are plentiful, relatively easy to ship, and can be preserved in alcohol, Formalin or even a good grade of whisky. An ordnance maintenance sergeant on Guadalcanal sent back old tooth powder containers full of rhinoceros beetles and a jungle spider named *Nephilia* which constructs webs large enough to catch small birds. The islanders are reported to use strands from *Nephilia's* web to make fish nets. Not long ago Dr. William Gertsch, entomologist for New York's American Museum of Natural History and an ardent spider enthusiast, received a jar of specimens and a letter from an amateur whom he had encouraged. The soldier wrote:

"That big fat one in this bunch—how about naming him for me? I climbed a tree for orchids to decorate our day room and found him inside my shirt. . . . And by the way, there are 25 fellows in my outfit who would also like spiders named after them."

—ODEN AND OLIVIA MEEKER



Special Feature



Three Battles and a Man

by HOWARD FAST, *Illustrations* by Arthur Szyk

IT'S NOT uncommon for a painter to dwell artistically on the ideals and heroes of his homeland, but when a Pole in Paris sets to work on his own to do a set of miniatures as a tribute to the memory of George Washington and the early days of American history, you have perhaps some idea of the powerful influence of the men and deeds of the American Revolutionary War. Arthur Szyk (pronounced shick) devoted a year and a half to a series of thirty-eight pictures of America's first President and the revolution which he so successfully led. When he was finished, the government of Poland bought them and sent

them as a gift to Franklin Delano Roosevelt. They hang, at the present time, in the late President's library at Hyde Park. Five of them are reproduced here.

There is color and feeling in Howard Fast's text, too. Of freedom's many voices, his is one of the strongest. He can take a handful of the mouldering dust of Freedom's history and turn it into a monument which is of great value to the present.

Szyk and Fast have widely different pasts, but their ideas are one and are combined here to give you history in "leaves more durable than brass."



The Hill That Bled

ACTUALLY, IT happened on Breed's Hill, which is to the east of Bunker Hill, a grassy green slope, a place where children played and lovers came in the late sunlight to sit on the hillside and watch the ships passing in the bay. This bit of earth, meadow and hillside, was connected with Boston by a narrow neck of land, and there, on a sunny afternoon, in June of 1775, the first large-scale bloody drama of our revolution was enacted.

You remember how the farmers stood before the British on Lexington Green; that was two months ago, in April of '75; but there is still no war, no army, no nation even—only partisan bands. From all over New England they have converged on the Massachusetts town of Boston. Farmers, smiths, millers, artisans and journeymen.

They bring their own arms, muskets, fowling-pieces, blunderbusses; some have only pikes, crude, homemade spears. There is no army, no uniform, no commander in chief. There is only a people who have left their homes and their work to drive out the invader.

And one night they creep across the neck of land that connects Breed's Hill with the mainland, and dragging their heavy guns, they climb to the top of the hill. Now, in the moonlight, they can see the

British fleet in the bay beneath them. They waste no time. All night they dig, panting, laughing and swearing softly, yet afraid.

And in the morning, half exhausted yet tense with excitement, they lie down behind their crude barricade and wait for the enemy. They tense as boatload after boatload of British troops row in from the warships and disgorge hundreds and then thousands of redcoats.

They crouch in the ditch, and when the enemy artillery fire is over and they look over the barricade, they see the enemy coming to the attack, endless red files, rippling bayonets, trained troops.

And their leader roars at them: "Not now! Wait until you see the whites of their eyes!"

So they wait, and then, at fifteen yards they fire—and they know that the enemy, however fierce, is mortal too. And that they will never forget.

A thousand of the enemy spill their blood in the sun-drenched grass, and yet they come on. And the farmers fight with clubbed muskets, knives, rocks and bare hands. Driven back, they go back like bears, on their hind legs, clawing. For eight long years they will claw like that, and though they give the enemy more fields than this, they will come back again, and in the end, win.

Ferry to Freedom

IN THE beginning, as we said, they were a people angered, invaded, persecuted; and they had taken up arms to put a stop to this thing. But they were no army.

Then Congress passed a measure which made them an army; Congress gave them a commander in chief, an almost unknown Virginia farmer whose name was George Washington. And the farmer knew only a little more about warfare than did the men he led.

He had twenty thousand of these armed citizens under his command in July of 1776, when certain men in Philadelphia signed the Declaration of Independence. Sometimes they fought; but more often they ran away, and as the months passed he saw his army dissolving like a mound of loose sand before the incoming tide.

That was when he began to learn what is probably the hardest thing for a leader to learn, and yet one of the most important things—how and when to retreat. November found him with eight hundred men left from his original twenty thousand. As far as the enemy was concerned, the war was over.

But the Virginia farmer was learning about the people, about their strength and their weakness. He took what was left of his army, the hard and resolute core that had stayed by him on all the long,

terrible retreat; and with them he crossed the river that was the last barrier between himself and the enemy. For miles up and down the river, he dragged all the boats across to his side. That gave him a breathing space.

And in that breathing space, Tom Paine wrote an appeal to the people. And the people responded. The Virginian's army grew, and by the third week in December he had five thousand men.

Then he proved that he was a great commander, knowing not only when to retreat, but when to turn and strike back. Believing that he was finished, the British had gone away to winter quarters, to warmth and comfort, leaving only an army of German mercenaries to keep watch on the east bank of the river. Washington knew that, and he made plans to strike—on Christmas day in the morning.

All in one freezing night, under cover of darkness, he ferried his army from the west to the east bank of the river. A regiment of Marblehead fishermen, perhaps the best troops in his command, handled the boats. The whole crossing was a military miracle, and by dawn the army was on the east bank and marching to the attack—the attack that found the Hessians drunk and unwarned, and gave us one of our first great victories.





Valley of the Shadow

THERE WAS an old forge in the bleak valley by the winding Schuylkill River. The hills were as bare and as lonely as a wasteland; and already in November, the howling, stinging wind and the drifting snow gave promise of one of the coldest winters the land had ever known.

It was a year later, in 1777, and still the farmers and artisans had known nothing but lost fields and retreat—after their one victory at Trenton. They left bloody tracks in the snow as they marched slowly into Valley Forge and dug in for the winter. It was a winter this nation will never forget, a winter that has become a symbol of liberty and courage the world over.

Even their first city, Philadelphia, had been taken by the enemy. The American leaders chose Valley Forge because it was close by the conquered city. Encamped there, they could at least make a pretense of watching the enemy.

Yet that was their last retreat; in that long, terrible winter, they were tempered the way steel is tempered. There, the angry rabble became an army; there the weak in body died and the faint of heart deserted; there they drilled and marched and drilled and marched until even in their rags they became something grim and ominous. A man lived on a handful of parched

corn a day; he slept in a dirty, cold dugout, and he saw his comrades die by the hundreds; but he lived, and a deadly fire began to burn inside him.

There the Southerner came to know the Northerner, and the man from the city came to know the man from the farm. In a sense, America was born there, out of suffering, cold and hunger and death—and abiding courage.

And when spring came, an army stood forth. Dirty and ragged they might be, but their weapons were clean and shining. That army had had enough of retreat—now they marched out to attack.

They found the enemy at a place called Monmouth Court House, and the ragged army struck like a pack of wolves. They charged with the naked bayonet, and they cut the redcoat columns to pieces. And when the enemy counter-attacked, the rabble held its ground, stood like a rock, and saw the enemy stagger away, dazed and broken.

That was the turning point in the war, and never again would it be a question of victory or not—but rather of how long until the end.

Today, on an arch at Valley Forge, you can read these words:

" . . . this valley of the shadow of that death out of which the life of America rose regenerate and free, . . . "

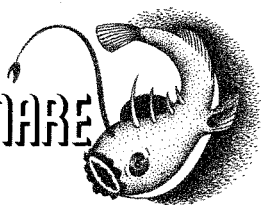


THE FATHER of a nation, as no other man has been; a man of warmth, who wanted the love and respect of his fellow men more, perhaps, than anything else; a man who loved children and beautiful women; a man who could dance a whole night

through with four bottles of wine under his belt; a man whose indomitable will conquered illness, fear, defeat and failure: in other words, a man both human and splendid, strong and weak—whom history was fortunate in finding to lead the young America.

Even a surrealist would have trouble dreaming up something as queer as the ocean sunfish

A Naturalist's NIGHTMARE



by JIM KJELGAARD

THE IMAGININGS of the worst case of delirium tremens are no more grotesque or comical than some of the creatures with which man shares the earth. To be coldly confronted with an angler fish, for example, could drive a Falstaff to the soda fountain.

The female of this species is a sinister thing, about three and a half feet long. It is one-third mouth, which is armed with irregularly-spaced, needle-sharp teeth. A four-inch tentacle, on the end of which is a beacon light, protrudes from her snout.

The male, a midget seldom more than four inches long, seeks out the female, nips out a piece of her skin just behind and under her jaw, attaches himself with his lips, and literally grows into her. His bloodstream fuses with hers, and he loses all functions save that of fertilizing her eggs.

Another resident of the sea is the ocean sunfish. This fantastic thing looks almost exactly like an ordinary lake or pond sunfish that has had its tail chopped off. But giant sunfish weighing a ton have been harpooned, and one reported weighed two and a half tons. This specimen was ten feet long and fourteen feet high.

Also, out of the ocean, comes the porcupine fish.

This incredible creature, when

attacked by enemies, has a knack of inflating itself like a balloon. And its entire body is protected by an array of bristling quills similar to those of a porcupine.

But it isn't necessary to look only beneath the sea for creatures that tax and almost defy imagination. There is the glass snake, which is really not a snake at all but a lizard. It is a slow-moving, clumsy thing, one species of which is found in the southern United States. When grasped by the tail, with one single twist and without any bloodshed or apparent pain, it detaches that member and leaves it in the grip of the enemy. The detached tail thrashes and wriggles about, enabling the slow-moving glass snake to escape while its enemy is occupied with the tail.

The hog-nosed snake, however, is a true snake. The three species are found in North America, from southern New England down through Florida, and west to Arizona and Mexico. With a flat head and a short, upturned snout—which is used for burrowing in the sandy places it inhabits—a thick, scaled body, and a stubby tail, the hog-nosed is outwardly the most vicious-looking of any American snake, much more terrifying to see than the delicately colored but deadly coral snake.

When cornered it does every-

thing possible to make itself appear even more formidable. Its physical formation is such that it can flatten its body and spread a hood somewhat in the manner of a cobra. It faces its enemies thus, the while striking viciously with its head, wriggling its tail and hissing loudly. But it's all a bluff, and if the bluff fails the hog-nosed snake simply flops over on its back and pretends to be dead. Even if its mouth is pried open and a finger forced within, it cannot be persuaded to bite, and in spite of its appearance it isn't venomous.

The Komodo Dragon, a huge lizard found on several small islands of the Dutch East Indies, is like something out of a nightmare. It attains a length of more than ten feet, and a weight of more than two hundred and fifty pounds. It is very active, savage, and carnivorous.

NATURE, however, has by no means confined her fantastic creations to fish and reptiles. She also experimented on mammals.

Outstanding is the duck-billed platypus. This amazing, twenty-inch long creature is covered with hair like that of a mole, has a short, flat, beaver-like tail, four webbed feet and the bill of a duck! It is aquatic, living in some of the rivers of Australia and Tasmania, and burrowing into the banks.

The female platypus lays two eggs deep within one of these burrows and hatches them with her body heat.

Another egg-laying anomaly is the echidna. The female of this species lays two eggs, picks them up in her bill, drops them into her

pouch—which resembles that of a kangaroo—and hatches them there. The echidnas are land animals irregularly covered with quills. Some attain a considerable size, nearly four feet long and with quite a large girth. The beak of one species curves downward from its rounded head—somewhat suggestive of a freakish elephant.

Then there are the so-called living fossils.

Nearly everyone is familiar with the giant ant-eater, whose mouth is merely a tube through which darts a long, sticky tongue that licks up ants. It has a long tail, and no teeth. Its claws are used for ripping ant hills apart, and because too much contact with hard earth would dull them, the ant-eater walks about on its knuckles. It is a peaceful creature, but a terrible antagonist when aroused. It fights with its claws, and has been known to rip men apart.

Sloths, too, might well be included in any collection of living things that strain credibility. Slow, torpid, and dull, the sloth hangs upside down on the branch of a jungle tree and eats the leaves that it can sweep into its mouth with one of its forearms. It has no feet to speak of, only claws. Probably if food were available, a sloth would remain indefinitely suspended from one branch.

And from another point of view the queerest of all is the angular biped with a coat like the underside of a fish that wraps its body in all sorts of things and, instead of wisely sleeping or hunting food, goes in great numbers on Sunday afternoons to ogle a lot of other animals in a zoo.

...dramatic story of blackout shows it sup-
...ing a pilot's senses, and tells how the
...nger has at last been conquered.



THE CHANCES are pretty good that at this very moment the AAF's new G-suit may be winning another air battle for us. Five miles up a P-51, with an enemy plane hugging its tail, breaks into a sharp turn. Desperately the enemy tries to turn inside the Yank, but gives up, the pilot's head ringing and his eyes blurry from a near blackout. The Yank takes the terrific pull of gravity with a clear head, gets the inside track and shoots the foe down.

His success—and the success of many others—is due to the Army Air Force's new G-suit, a pair of pneumatic pants that automatically inflates with air and keeps the pilot from blacking out by applying pressure and checking the pull of gravity on his blood stream. It has made acrobatics which were previously foolish or fatal a matter of everyday dogfighting.

Say many fighter pilots: "It's the best thing anybody ever did for us. We've taken dives and turns in fighting and dodging flak that would have blacked us out without the suit."

Manufactured for the AAF by a corset company, the G-suit is a triumph of physical science over the laws of gravity. Many men and many nations—even Germany—shared in its development which dates back to the first World War.

Scientists and physicists tackled the problem and worked out many variations, most of them too hot or too bulky or otherwise impracticable. The Germans had one called a "flying bathtub," which simply encased the body in a walled-in layer of water from neck to feet. It was discarded. This war spurred investigation into the mat-

ter and finally, early in 1944, the G-suit became a practical reality only after months of complicated experimenting and modifying.

The G-suit is generally worn over regular pants. Besides using it for checking blackouts, pilots on long straight runs can zoom their ships, inflate the G-suits and send needed and warming circulation to cold, cramped legs.

At first the "airpants" had to be "sold" to our fighter pilots. Aero-Medical officers delivered them direct to the old-timers, knowing they would be the toughest to impress with a new gadget. In each squadron, as soon as the "old man" said they were good, the rest accepted them with no questions asked.

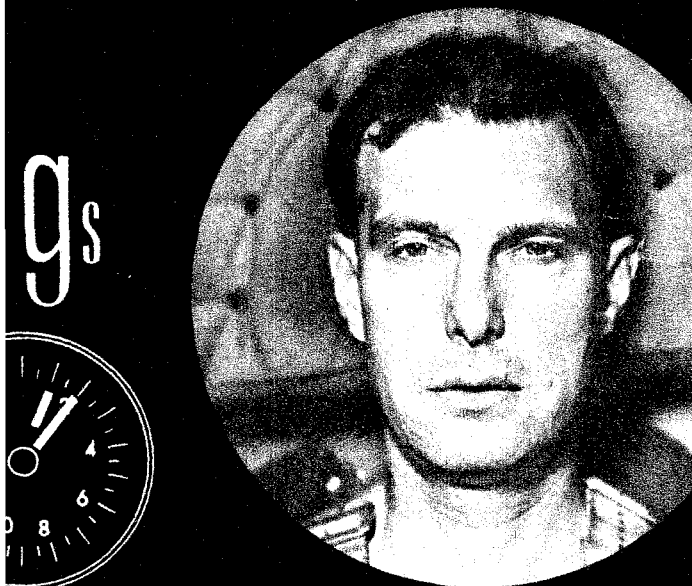
Through experience, fighter pilots had learned not to exceed their individual blackout threshold. But when the G-suit first reached the flyers, it was feared that it might give a man the ability to outperform his ship and that he might strip off the wings because there would be no signal of approaching blindness to warn him to ease up on the stick. Nothing has come of this worry, probably due to the fact that the feeling of being pushed down into the seat during a pull-out gives the pilot a reliable check point.

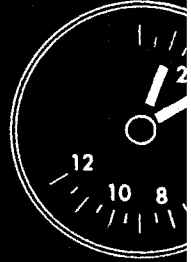
In deliberate tests, however, it has been possible for a G-suit fancier to wrinkle the skin on the wings of a P-51.

Now follow the thrilling sequence of pictures of a pilot on the centrifuge being subjected to the same strain he would get if he suddenly racked his ship into a 180 degree turn at 300 miles an hour.

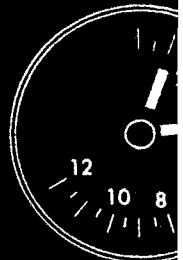


Before going into the turn the pilot pulls 1g. This is the normal gravity on his body, the force that causes him to weigh 150 pounds. His eyes are wide and alert, facial muscles under control.

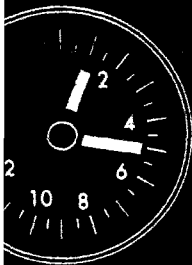




the turn proper, the pilot's face begins to reveal the strain. His eyes glaze, his vision dims, and centrifugal the blood in his brain.

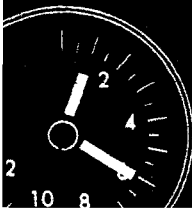


g's



Now gravity sucks at the pilot's jowls. Nearing temporary unconsciousness, he is still conscious but his heart pumps furiously to send blood to his brain against a pull of gravity five times normal.

g's



Tolerance Is an Ugly Word

I DO NOT like the word tolerance. If you tolerate something, you do not like it very much.

I believe that what we have to do in this country is to stop disliking things and like them.

In the future the world is going to be tied together by airplanes and radio, and we are going to be near many people whom we have not had to know in the past. It is not going to be possible just to tolerate our neighbors. We are going to like them or they are not going to like us. Our neighbors are going to include people whose skins are yellow, brown, red, black and white. Their religions will be more varied than the color of their skins and our liking must come from understanding. Regardless of race or religion, human beings have certain things in common and we must discover that quickly.

We, in this country, are a highly mechanized people. We have inventive genius where machinery is concerned, and mechanical skills. Some of the things that we have accomplished seem nothing short of miracles to other people.

Other people understand things, however, which we know little about. Our boys who have been in India are coming back to tell us about snake charmers and the people who make flowers grow before your eyes. These are

powers we know nothing about.

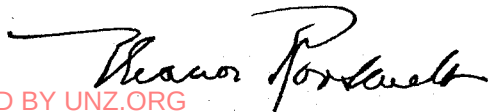
So we have things to learn from other people just as they have things to learn from us, but we are not going to learn if we just "tolerate" each other.

I have an idea that we are going to find some fundamental traits, such as kindness and integrity and love of children, are present in many human beings.

If we can do away with fear, we will begin to love. If we are not afraid of aggression among nations, either in the military sense or the economic sense, we may have peace. If we are not afraid of being dominated by those who are stronger than ourselves, then we will learn to like people and to cooperate with them.

First we must cease to be afraid of our neighbors at home and take the word "tolerance" out of our vocabulary and substitute for it the precept, live and let live, cooperate in work and play and like our neighbors. If we do this, we will soon find that our basic needs and desires are the same, and that given the same opportunities for development, we develop in much the same way.

The problem is not to learn tolerance of your neighbors, but to see that all alike have hope and opportunity and that the community as a whole moves forward.



A black and white portrait of Eleanor Roosevelt. She is seated, turned slightly to her left, looking towards the camera with a gentle smile. She has short, dark, wavy hair. She is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved top with a dark, patterned collar. Her right hand is raised, holding a thin object, possibly a cigarette or a pen. Her left hand rests on her lap. The background is dark and textured.

ARSH, OTTAWA

Eleanor Roosevelt

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Minor Heresies



To the missionary's son America was Utopia until he sipped the concoction known as chocolate soda

by JOHN J. ESPEY

A Foreword about the Author: Few people could turn back to their childhood and find more exotic and unusual material than John J. Espey, member of the faculty of Occidental College in California. He was born in 1913 in the International Settlement of Shanghai. He was brought up in a Presbyterian missionary family that held forth in a small compound of Occidents across a canal from the old South Gate of Shanghai. He attended school in China and, in fact, with the exception of two stays in the United States, lived in China until 1930. Of himself he writes very modest-

ly: "I was successful in my pursuit of the ends of American coeducation to the extent of finding myself after four years the possessor of a B. A., a Phi Beta Kappa Key, a Rhodes Scholarship, and a fiancée." To that impressive collection he can now add—a book. Mr. Espey's heresy, which is a very minor one indeed, as you will see, consists of an affectionately bantering inspection of the Presbyterian outlook, both on pre-war China and on things in general. The following excerpts, you will find, prove he is a born master of the light touch . . .

WHEN I began going to day school in Shanghai, I arranged to be picked up on the corner of the Bund and Avenue Edward VII by Robert Dollar III, a classmate, in his private limousine. One day, as I settled myself into the cushions, Robert drew from his pocket a thin, flattened, and altogether anemic-looking gold watch.

"My father," he said, "sent to America to get me this."

"Oh?" I asked politely.

"Yes," he said. "It comes from Tiffany's."

I drew out my own watch on the

end of a shoelace. Its nickel case was plump and well filled. Its movement was audible even in the limousine.

Dangling it with an air of quiet superiority, I said in the tone of one who knows the best from the merely good: "My watch comes from Montgomery Ward's."

Even in Shanghai, home for me was America. I knew it as an earthly paradise, flowing with milk and honey. The people of the land were the greatest of all the peoples on whom God had set His mark.

The map of this paradise was a

familiar sight, yet its intimate geography was my own creation. My first misconception came from a failure to grasp the location of Washington, D. C.

Always, when I would look at the map, there was Washington on the Columbia River up in the northwest corner, cut off from the thirteen states by leagues of prairie, wilderness, desert and mountains!

But Washington did not trouble me too much, because I knew it was no longer a very important part of American society. Washington had early been displaced as the center of all American life by 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, New York, U.S.A. That is, as everyone should know, the home of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America.

It is a perfectly respectable building, rather gloomy and drafty, where the menservants and the hand-maidens of the Lord successfully disguise themselves to look like everyone else in New York. But in my youth 156 Fifth Avenue was the earthly representation of heaven, the temple of the Lord in the New Jerusalem. Its corridors sparkled with golden pavement; the furniture was made from the cedars of Lebanon; and within the courts, on jewel-studded thrones of Ophir, sat the High Priests who saw to it that the humblest workman at South Gate, China, was worthily paid for his hire.

One of the most savory prospects of my America was the variety of food eaten there. It was always perfectly cooked and served up in abundance. I knew this because South Gaters were constantly say-

ing: "At home you get really good beef," and "At home the vegetables have a fuller flavor."

Also, I knew Americans worked a little, but it could hardly be a great part of their lives, since the land was so rich. Everyone I met on the mission field was related to someone of great wealth and power. I often heard: "Though I don't like to advertise the fact out here, my father was—"

Not only was everyone rich and powerful, everyone was extraordinarily talented as well. The number of prima donnas who had dedicated their voices to the Lord instead of the Metropolitan was enough to presage a decay in New York opera. Others hinted they had turned their backs on careers as big businessmen, politicians, diplomats, authors and millionaires.

In that land of eternal happiness most of the population, I inferred, were Presbyterians, and all Presbyterians, with a few exceptions in the South, were decent Republicans.

No wonder I tingled in anticipation of the day when I should be going home.

I had only one warning that America was not all soft sweetness and Christian light. On hot days I was accustomed to hearing Father say: "Oh, what I'd give for a chocolate ice-cream soda!"

One late spring afternoon Father came back from the International Settlement with the news that the Chocolate Shop on Nanking Road had begun to serve ice-cream sodas. Immediately a family expedition was planned.

On Saturday afternoon, dressed in our best, the four of us marched into the Chocolate Shop and sat

down in a booth. When the gassy concoctions were put before us at last, we seized our straws in trembling fingers, put the straws to our lips, and sucked. After the first swallow we looked at each other squeamishly. A wrenching belch shook me, and my nose seemed to catch fire for an instant. Eyes watering, I turned to Mother and Father, who were guzzling greedily.

"Is this a real ice-cream soda?"

"Of course, dear," Mother assured me between gulps. "Isn't it wonderful?"

I was yet to learn that semi-civilized pleasures are refinements and adaptations of discomfort and pain, that only in civilizations of antiquity are pleasures genuinely simple.

My first actual taste of America had not been good.

But when Mother, my sister, and I boarded the *Empress of Asia* a year later, I had forgotten about the crude pleasures of the ice-cream soda. At last we were going home. I was on deck, pale face aglow, when we steamed slowly into Vancouver Harbour.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, which we boarded, enters the United States at Portal, North Dakota. I have nothing against North Dakota as North Dakota; but North Dakota early in the morning as the realization of my dream-world was tragedy. Not a lasting tragedy; I was too resilient, too Chinese, for that. I stared bleakly at the hot landscape and my sweating fellow passengers.

In those hours I absorbed the truth: America was going to be just like anywhere else. Americans were just duller versions of South

Gaters. In one day I gained an international vision.

As the train rolled on, I assimilated my discovery. I thought I had made a good job of it until I overheard my sister saying to Mother: "When Father comes, he can look after John, and you and I can go home where we belong, can't we?"

"But we are home, dear," Mother answered.

"I mean," and my sister's voice crackled, "I mean our *real* home—in China."

I was angry, for I secretly felt the same way. Yet my ancestors could have rotted in their graves and their dust been blown from the face of the earth before I would have admitted it. American was still a proud name. Even if it killed me, I was going to be one.

From that day to the present my sister has been slightly more Chinese than American, and I have been slightly more American than Chinese, still half expecting my early visions to spring into life.

Two Masters

When I was about ten and my sister thirteen, we came to realize what was lacking to complete the comfort of whatever guests we entertained at South Gate in Shanghai.

In other homes all the servants spoke English. If you wanted another fork, you simply said: "I'd like another fork," and the table boy would produce one. In fact, if you took the trouble to say it in Chinese, the table boy would look down his nose at you and probably bring you a dirty spoon just to let you know that he understood English. At our house if you said in English to the table boy or the

cook: "I'd like another fork," he would stare at you blankly and wait for us to translate.

The cook really understood a great deal of English, but he never admitted this. When my sister and I offered to give him English lessons, he informed us that Chinese was an ancient mode of expression which had been found adequate by his people since the beginning of time.

It was because of this that we looked at Oo-zong with great interest when he came to work for us as outside coolie. Oo-zong was the cook's nephew, a large, raw-boned fellow who was about twenty when he came from the home village to work for us. His gown was narrow at the shoulders and ended at his calves. His teeth were always in evidence, because he went about his duties with an idiotic grin spread over his face. His hair was cut very short, exposing all the bumps of his skull. Furthermore, Oo-zong was about the clumsiest individual we had ever encountered. Whenever he ventured into the house, something was certain to be smashed to bits and Oo-zong would be found sprawling on the floor in the midst of the wreckage.

After he had become accustomed to our yard work he was gradually introduced by Mother and the cook into the subtleties of being a table boy. This meant that he was going to stay on at South Gate, so my sister and I cornered him in the servant's quarters one afternoon and broached our scheme. The Chinese tongue, we admitted readily, was a beautiful thing, but English had its own advantages. Wouldn't Oo-zong like to have us teach

him English so that he could understand what our guests wanted when they spoke to him?

Once he had understood our plan, Oo-zong was most enthusiastic. After lesson one, which consisted of teaching him that my sister must always be addressed as Miss Espey and I as Master John, we dragged out our old primers and started in with "This is a dog. This is a cat. The dog is chasing the cat." It took us only a few hours to make him grasp this basic concept of Western civilization, and, once started, there was almost no holding him back.

AFTER a few weeks we used the direct method. Oo-zong would come into the room with a freshly laundered tablecloth in his hands. "What are you carrying, Oo-zong?" I would ask.

"I do not know the English name, Master John," Oo-zong would reply in slow syllables.

"That article is called a tablecloth, Oo-zong," I would say.

"Then I am carrying a tabrucroth, Master John."

"No, you are not carrying a tabrucroth, Oo-zong. You must learn the difference between 'l' and 'r'. It's a tablecloth. Now say it again."

"Yes, Master John. Tabblecloth."

"That's better. Now listen. Not tabblecloth, but tablecloth."

"Yes, Master John, thank you very much. Tablecloth."

The cook, too, was taking a part in Oo-zong's education, teaching him to decorate the pats of butter with delicate flower designs and how to arrange things on a tray,

as well as how to keep his thumb out of the soup, or in any event not to lick it until he was back in the pantry.

Oo-zong's progress was not a constant, unmixed triumph. At first he was so awkward that he kept breaking dishes right and left. The grin would immediately leave his face and he would fall screaming to his knees to beg forgiveness. My sister and I took him aside after this had happened two or three times. It was not good taste, we informed him, to bawl in this way. Everyone knew that the Chinese were emotionally very reserved, so he would please in the future just pick up the pieces and walk with dignity to the pantry.

As we got to thinking about it, there were many things in Oo-zong's nature that weren't a bit Chinese, so we began to remold him into a member of his own race. There was his grin, for example. We had to explain to Oo-zong that the Chinese are an inscrutable people who rarely show joy or sorrow in public. He was to make his face, we told him, blankly intelligent. The effect, we added, would be heightened if he were to droop his eyelids a little. Then when he was addressed he was to tighten the corners of his mouth ever so slightly, which was as far, he should know, as any Chinese ever went in showing amiability. The cook and the amah whinnied in endless entertainment at the frozen mask of detachment we finally got Oo-zong to assume. It took hours of patient work in front of a mirror, but the result was the most Orientally bland face in all China.

Once we had given Oo-zong a

truly Chinese face, we set to work on his clothes. He was still stumbling about in the short, narrow, rusty black gown which the village tailor had probably fobbed off on him as the latest Shanghai style. We contributed some money of our own and gave Oo-zong careful instructions. The sleeves were to cover his wrists, and the shoulders were to be cut broad and square. The gown, preferably a pale, dusty blue or gray, should come all the way to his ankles so that his feet could be better hidden, and we recommended a pair of soft Chinese cloth shoes with old-fashioned corded seams instead of the leather-heeled yellow monstrosities he sported for house wear.

When he had been outfitted thus, we got to work on his posture and walk, for Oo-zong still lopped into a room, head stretching forward, as if he were in pursuit of a water buffalo. We made him stand up straight. This at first produced an appalling result: he thrust his Adam's apple out in front, his rump out and up in the rear, the skirts of his gown riding high on its rounded eminence. After great effort we taught him to pull in his chin and tilt his pelvis forward, so that his truly elegant gown fell in an unbroken line from the back of his shoulders to the floor, while in front it left his broad chest in another beautiful straight line. This, we were happy to tell him, was what made Chinese clothes so pleasing to the eye and so superior to the chaotic and contradictory lines of Western dress.

Once Oo-zong had been taught to stand correctly, we had to teach him to walk. His normal step was

about four feet long, making his gown fly in all directions and exposing his trousers well up the leg if he was turning a corner. Patiently we taught him to flex his knees slightly and take smaller, more deliberate steps. After some weeks we were delighted by the sight of Oo-zong, swimming as it were over the floor, the light forward motion carrying his gown quivering along with him, always on the point of breaking its lovely lines but never quite doing so.

While Oo-zong's movements were being chastened and curtailed, his English was leaping ahead. He soon exhausted our primers and we took him on to more advanced reading. In this intermediate stage it was not uncommon for him, in the middle of an adult tea party, to call out from the other end of the room. His clear articulation silenced all conversation as he said: "Is this not then a beautiful afternoon, Master John?" Master John, cringing in a corner, would reply: "Indeed it is, Oo-zong. Please get some more hot water now." Then Master John would follow Oo-zong to the pantry and explain to him that this type of familiar badinage was acceptable only in the bosom of the household.

The complete process took us about a year. At the end of that time Oo-zong was an unparalleled table boy. Although his literary bent broke out from time to time in such overwrought sentences as "What say, Master John, to the consumption of an omelet this morning?" his English was so much better than that of the average International Settlement servant that my sister and I felt we had

done everything we could for him. We leaned back and enjoyed the astonishment of a visitor when Oo-zong in clipped accents greeted him with "Just give me your coat, sir. This way to the downstairs bathroom, please."

FOR ALMOST two months we lived in this fool's paradise. Mother let fall a few ironic remarks from time to time on the excellence of our product, but we assumed that, inconsistent as it was with her character, she must be just a touch jealous because she hadn't thought long ago of doing the same thing.

At the end of our two perfect months we noticed that Oo-zong during his free hours was leaving the compound for the outer world instead of staying at home and reading another chapter of Dickens' *Child's History of England*. We assumed that he was conducting a high-class love affair and were totally unprepared for the shock of his coming announcement.

Oo-zong said that he had been investigating openings for English-speaking table boys in the International Settlement and now planned to leave us. Dazed, we asked him why he wanted to go. With just a hint of the pre-Chinese Oo-zong in his face, he said: "But, my two dear friends, surely you know that an English-speaking table boy is paid at least three times as much as a Chinese-speaking one?"

We had not known, but now that we did, we saw readily there was nothing else for Oo-zong to do. We were Chinese enough for that. Did we, we asked, know the people Oo-zong was going to work

for? Indeed we did, replied Oo-zong, for they had been guests at South Gate more than once. In fact, they had approached him, and not he them, on the subject. The only satisfaction we ever got out of this was learning later that on his first morning's service Oo-zong had nonplussed his new employer by greeting him with a gay "Hello, fellow."

So Oo-zong left us, though he did not fail each year to send appropriate gifts to Miss Espey and Master John, the founders of his career.

After Oo-zong left, Mother continued to drop ironic remarks, and at the end of a week the cook imported a fresh raw-boned nephew from the home village. For a day our hopes revived. The new nephew certainly looked unpromising, we told each other, but then, so at first had the unmatched Oo-zong. The new nephew, we also noticed, acted almost as if he were waiting for us to propose teaching him English.

We mentioned this hopefully to Mother. "Don't you think once is enough, children?" she asked.

We were forced to face the facts. A vision came to us of an endless stream of raw-boned nephews com-

ing up from the home village one by one, year after year. Year after year we would begin with "This is a dog. This is a cat. The dog is chasing the cat." Year after year we would be giving advice on the cut of a Chinese gown. Year after year we would teach the Oriental glide, correct the tilt of the pelvis. And year after year our hand-finished products would go off to the International Settlement or the French Concession at triple pay.

Happy as we were to teach the Chinese their true nature, we were not going to make it a life work.

In later years, when our harried guests said, as if it were the last straw of being entertained at South Gate: "Dear me, don't your servants speak anything but Chinese?" we had our answer. Lowering our eyelids slightly and looking down our noses, we let our faces freeze into the well-known passive mask of the Oriental as we said haughtily: "But of course not. Our servants are Chinese, you know. And, if you would only take the trouble to learn the language, you would find that there is really no good idea in the world that cannot be expressed clearly, adequately, altogether wittily, and with nice distinction in the Chinese tongue."

This Way Out

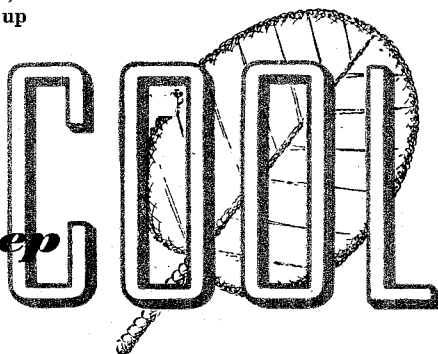
THE POET ROBERT BROWNING was once cornered by a bore who insisted on voicing his literary opinions. Browning listened patiently for a few minutes, then tried to get away. But the bore insisted upon being heard. In desperation Browning placed his hand on the man's shoulder and murmured: "But my dear boy, I'm monopolizing you."

Flattered, the bore stepped aside and permitted Browning to escape.

—E. E. EDGAR

If you are a victim of summer wilt,
here are simple tricks to perk you up

How To Keep



by JULIET BRIDGMAN

THERE'S HARDLY a conversation between two wilted summer sufferers that doesn't begin with a listless sigh and a plaintive remark about the weather. As your spirits descend in ratio to the rising mercury, it becomes oppressively clear that mortals are far better equipped to withstand the rigors of cold than the seemingly inescapable onslaught of heat.

But what can be done about it? Actually, plenty. According to doctors, ventilation engineers, dietitians and sundry citizens who have delved deeply into the problem of how to survive the heat and retain the spirit, it's just a question of how to go about it.

Your mental outlook, for instance. Next time you have the urge to say "This heat's got me down," think about a cool cucumber instead and mention the lovely breeze, even if there isn't one within miles. You'll feel better, really. Meanwhile, there are many easy recipes for making summer cool enough for you.

The principle behind them is very simple. There are two types of

heat regulation in the human body. The first is increased or decreased formation of heat; the second is increased or decreased release of heat. Thus the body, as a unit, is very much like a room. If the room is too hot, you have two possibilities: either open the window or shut off the radiator.

In the body, the radiator is the metabolism, the internal glands that manufacture heat. The windows are the sweat glands and pores that release the heat. So what you want to do in August is shut down your internal radiator and open up your skin windows.

The best way to accomplish this is to steer clear of body heat-generators, and gear yourself to heat releasers. Heavy foods, excitement and physical motion, for instance, all tend to step up the metabolism and consequently accelerate your internal radiator. Heavy makeup and tight-fitting clothes are among the things which interfere with the release of heat in the way nature intended.

Of course you'll say, "But I eat nothing but salads all summer." If

it's a chilled hunk of tuna with a generous coating of mayonnaise it requires more metabolism in digesting than twice around the Smörgasbord. If you choose your foods according to their weight and digestibility rather than their apparent coolness, you'll be much more comfortable in the long run. In other words, when the heat wave comes, let your internal self take it easy as well as your external self.

ONE OF the most disagreeable and bitterly complained of aspects of hot weather is perspiration. People just don't like to perspire. But if you are among the ninety per cent of humans who can perspire, you should rejoice, even if you do hate to feel sticky.

People who can't perspire are worse off by far. Perspiration serves to release internal heat, and the moisture also cools the skin in the process of drying. People who can't perspire store up a burning heat within, causing heat exhaustion and even fainting spells.

If you have the natural distaste for looking wilted and drenched and want to go out in the evening looking pert and chipper, the best way to go about it is to work up a good sweat in the afternoon, follow with a moderate shower and relax for an hour. You'll be at your crispest all evening. Go easy on the liquids, though—especially sweet or alcoholic beverages. The more you drink the more fluid your body has to get rid of through the pores.

Agreeable as it may sound, "a nice cold bath" in summertime doesn't help to cool you off. A cold bath constricts the blood vessels and prevents your normal dissipa-

tion of heat. A bath or shower at moderate temperature, on the other hand, soothes the system, releases internal heat and allows the body to slow down its metabolic pace and thus cool off. A helpful tip about summer bathing is not to rub yourself dry with a towel. Instead, blot yourself dry—gently.

Almost every household has an electric fan tucked away somewhere, but according to the manufacturers the successful use of the fan for cooling purposes is not widely recognized. To be comfortable and healthful, air should circulate in an ordinary-sized room once every two minutes, or thirty times per hour.

When the body is overheated, it attracts a blanket of stale air around it. Air can only absorb so much moisture, and when the stale air around you is saturated, your clothes begin to cling, you feel sticky, and you think you're a lot hotter than you are. A fan should be made to serve a double purpose; to circulate the air and to pinch-hit for an air-conditioning unit.

Here are two easy ways to make fans useful, both of which can be set up by yourself for room comfort. The first involves only a bucket and a chunk of ice. Put the bucket of ice on the floor, set the fan next to it and direct its pressure right on the ice.

During the daytime close the windows so that hot air can't come in and in a very short while your room will be as comfortable as an air-conditioned theatre.

Another ingenious idea that is widely used in hot, dry climates of the southwest is the evaporative cooler. Summer sufferers in this

part of the country cool the arid heat by building a box out of ordinary chicken wire, filling it loosely with excelsior, sprinkling it with water and setting up a fan to blow through it. The propelled air refrigerates as it hits the wet excelsior, becoming about three times as cool in the process, at the same time humidifying the atmosphere. A pan of water set over the box with a few holes punched into it keeps the excelsior wet without demanding constant sprinkling and attention. According to those who have tried it, the evaporative cooler works wonders.

BECAUSE a house naturally accumulates heat, keeping it cool is a problem. The roof, the walls, the mortar and even the furniture accumulate and retain heat. Hot air rises and, in summer, the average attic goes up to 130 degrees F. and over.

If this hot air has no way of escape, it gradually permeates the rest of the house. By keeping the attic and cellar windows open at night, a natural chimney is created that sucks cool air into the house. By placing a fan in front of the open window *facing out*, a draft is created that will cool and circulate air throughout the entire house.

It may sound silly to have your fan blowing out of the window, but in many cases it has been found to work much better than having it blowing into the room. Rooms that have two windows facing out in different directions, providing natural cross-ventilation, can best be cooled on hot, still nights by placing the fan on a table in front of one of the open windows, facing

outward. The fan so placed drives out the warm air and draws in cooler air to replace it and brings about a lively circulation through the room.

Many people who live in city flats swear by large, leafy plants strategically placed in their rooms. It is no botanical secret that living plants, greens and ferns purify and oxygenize the air. So aside from the verdant psychological effect of foliage, it really does help cool a room.

Plants also help absorb humidity by drawing moisture from the air. This can be a great help in some climates, because whoever invented that old saw about the heat and the humidity knew what he was talking about. A combination of high temperature and high humidity is notoriously uncomfortable because, as doctors explain, humidity prevents perspiration and does not allow the system to release its heat through natural channels.

The day has fortunately passed when women have to suffer to be beautiful. In summertime especially the fair sex can be a great deal more comfortable than men. An up-sweep hairdo, a light dress, a pair of sandals and a generous sprinkling of eau de cologne is what the well-dressed woman dons to keep her temperature down.

The process of making up doesn't have to be disagreeable in summertime either. By keeping foundation creams and sundry lotions in the refrigerator or in a bowl of ice, making up can be very pleasant indeed. The choice of perfume and cologne can also be helpful in regard to keeping cool. Certain scents—lavender, carnation, lemon and

wild flowers—also give the suggestion of coolness.

Many of the traditional home methods of keeping cool still have their popular adherents and are apparently successful. Working housewives can find respite from the heat by taking occasional hot foot-baths, which serve to draw the blood away from the head. Running cool water on the wrists and cold applications on the back of the neck are tried and true methods traceable back to Plymouth Rock and the Pilgrims.

Changes of clothing, especially shoes and stockings, have a cooling effect. Boosts the morale, too.

Most important of all in the business of keeping cool is inner quiet. Don't rush, don't hurry, don't bustle. Try to maintain an imperturbable calm and treat minor annoyances casually. People of warm climates are noted for their easy-going attitudes; they've wisely adopted slow-motion because it's the only way to be comfortable in the heat.



Nature's Federation of Labor



ODDLY YET LOGICALLY, since before the appearance of man, the creatures of Nature have been plying many of the trades and occupations by which men earn their livelihood today. Among these master workers are:

Herdsmen—Ants which maintain herds of aphid (insect) "cattle," changing them from pasture to pasture as the seasons dictate and milking them regularly.

Trader—The trader rat which pilfers articles from camps and cabins, but always leaves something in their place. A rat that took a paring knife from a camp in California left a gold nugget.

Weaver—The Baltimore Oriole which ties suspension strings to branches, thus forming a warp through which it weaves plant fibers, milkweed stalks and horse hairs to form its nest. So perfect is the workmanship that these homes have been known to endure the blasts of seven winters.

Mason—A species of mason wasp which burrows in bricks, excavating a hole by removing brick particles with its jaws. It then builds a nest with puddled clay, lays its eggs and stops up the hole with clay mortar.

Engineer—Buffaloes were the first true road-builders of the American West. So perfect were the grades of their roads—laid out in their various wanderings—that the men who surveyed the first transcontinental railroads often followed them for hundreds of miles.

Hitchhiker—Nature's first hitchhiker is the remora, or sharksucker, which, by means of a suction disk on top of its head, attaches itself to the body of a shark or other large fish and rides wherever its host goes.—JIM KJELGAARD



These tested favorites prove that "the good die young" was never said of a joke

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

THE NEW attorney opened his office, and on the second day had his first client. As the latter entered the office, the lawyer picked up the telephone, and after a few seconds stated, "Well, tell President Jones I will be at the board of directors' meeting this afternoon when the vote is taken."

Turning to the visitor, the attorney asked, "Now, my good man, what can I do for you?"

The man gulped. "Me? Oh, I'm just here to connect the phone."

—*Camp Howze Howitzer*

HOW OLD are you, Bobbie?" asked the visitor.

"I'm just at the awkward age," was the reply.

"Really? And what do you call the awkward age?"

"Too old to cry and too young to swear."

—*Hendricks Field Hi-Life*

"DON'T BE so downhearted," said the mate to the suffering young Negro sailor leaning over the rail of a ship. "Nobody ever died of seasickness."

"Don't say that," moaned the sick man. "It's only the hope of dying that's kept me alive so far."

—*Ft. MacArthur Alert*

AN EASTERNER on business in Texas was driving through an isolated section of the state inhabited by firm believers in the independence of the sovereign state of Texas. Along the way the radiator of his car ran dry, and he stopped at a weatherbeaten farmhouse to get water. A big, raw-boned Texan answered his knock at the door

and eyed him suspiciously. "Where you all from, stranger?" he asked.

"I'm from Pennsylvania," the eastern man replied.

The farmer's face lighted up with a broad smile. He turned and shouted into the house: "Maw, c'mon out here and meet one of our allies!"

—A. J. CUTTING

A DISTURBED salesman, reporting to his superior as to why he had been unable to make an important sale, explained: "You can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink."

"Brimstone and blazes," roared his boss. "Who in thunder told you to make him drink? Your job is to make him thirsty!"

—*Casualty & Surety Journal*

WHEN THE credit manager of a Midwestern newspaper sent a bill reminder for an advertisement to the proprietor of a fur store, an explanation came back that payment was delayed because of the help shortage. "You know," the letter concluded, "we get a little underhanded sometimes."

—CHARLES W. GOLDMAN

A MARINE OFFICER, recently returned from the Pacific, relays this story which has been making the rounds of the combat zone.

Admiral Nimitz and General MacArthur went fishing together in a small rowboat. One of them hooked a large fish, but in the excitement the boat capsized and left both men floundering in the water.

The Admiral reached the boat first and climbed in, then held out an oar

to the General, who was soon safe beside him.

"Now, Mac," said Nimitz, "I hope you won't mention this to anyone. I don't know how the Navy would react if they found out I can't swim."

"Don't worry," MacArthur replied. "I'll keep your secret if you'll keep mine. I'd hate to have my men find out I can't walk on water!"

—GERALD C. WARD

THE YOUNG BOY applied for a job in a grocery store, and the manager asked his name.

"Shakespeare," replied the lad.

"And your first name?"

"William."

"Well," remarked the manager with a smile, "that's a pretty well-known name, isn't it?"

"I expect it is," said the boy. "I've been delivering groceries around here for over two years." —TOM GOOTÉE

PRIVATE MAC TAVISH bought two tickets in a radio raffle. On the first ticket drawn he won the prize. Noting the Scot's obvious dismay, his buddy said, "Why don't you smile, Sandy? You just won a radio!"

"It's that second ticket," moaned Sandy. "Why did I ever buy it!"

—Camp Howze Howitzer

AT LEAST one little boy refused to be intimidated into good behavior.

"It's no use telling me the angels will put a black mark against me if I'm naughty," he said belligerently. "You might as well know that up in heaven they think I'm dead. I haven't said my prayers for weeks." —London Tid-Bits

ASSIGNED to interview Tom Thumb, the reporter stopped by the circus and inquired for the midget. "He won't be around today," he was told, "but you may find him at his hotel in town."

Later that day the newspaperman knocked on the door of Tom Thumb's room. A man about six feet tall an-

swered the door. "I'd like to see Tom Thumb," asked the reporter.

"I am Tom Thumb," was the reply.

"No, I mean the little guy—Tom Thumb, the midget."

"But I *am* Tom Thumb," repeated the six-footer. "This is my day off!"

—J. C. VICE

A FARMER was having difficulty filling out a government claim sheet for a cow that had been killed accidentally. He came to the last item: *Disposition of the carcass*. Puzzling over the question for some time, he finally wrote: "Kind and gentle." —TOM GOOTÉE

WHILE VISITING Rio de Janeiro not long ago, I stopped at a hotel bar for a cocktail. Everyone in the place was jabbering away in Portuguese. Not knowing how to translate Dry Martini into Portuguese, I spotted a dignified Englishman and asked:

"Would you do me the great favor of ordering me a Dry Martini?"

He regarded me casually for a moment before replying, "Certainly." With that he turned to the bartender and said in impeccable English:

"Bartender, please give this gentleman a Dry Martini." —HARDY BURT

MOTHER HAD just finished a stern lecture on the subject of Barbara's wayward little playmates. "Now tell me, dear," she concluded in a kinder tone, "where do bad little girls go?"

Barbara smiled winsomely: "Everywhere." —*Vr-I Wing Tips*

COMING OUT of the ether after his operation, the patient found the blinds of his hospital room drawn, and quickly summoned the doctor.

"Why are all the blinds down, Doc?" he demanded.

"Well, there's a big fire burning across the street," explained the surgeon, "and I didn't want you to wake up and think your operation was a failure." —TOM GOOTÉE

The once wasted land of Georgia
is beginning to blossom under
the touch of a Midas with ideas



Georgia's One-Man

Land Rush

by CAROL HUGHES

IN FEBRUARY 1839, a traveling Englishman came to Georgia and wrote: "Everywhere the soil is deteriorating for want of rest and fertilizer. The state of Georgia is being abandoned while men seek better soil elsewhere."

Such was the acknowledged status of Georgia 106 years ago. The state has been steadily declining since, with only haphazard improvements by individual farmers with little money and no definite plans. Most of the land is worth twenty dollars an acre. Thousands of farms have been abandoned. While there has been some improvement in recent years, red clay and terraced hills are for the most part all that is left of a once rich cotton empire.

Last August a millionaire with a glib and fluent tongue and an impressive manner decided to do something about Georgia's worn, bare, tired land. He is Cason Callaway of Hamilton, Georgia, and he is doing something about it fast and furious.

This is how it started. Callaway, Georgia's wealthiest man, spoke at

the Vanderbilt Conference on post-war problems and opportunities for southern agriculture. Being a practical man, he made a practical speech in which he expressed the not original belief that Georgia must (1) improve the fertility of her soil, (2) have long term credit, (3) use machinery to work the crops, and (4) build processing plants near the farm.

Amazingly, the press overplayed the speech. Within 48 hours, Callaway found himself a state hero, a savior. The paeans of enthusiasm even sold Callaway on his own speech. He decided, since it was so simple, why not? With enough money and able direction, he *could* put Georgia on the comeback trail. There followed one of the most unorthodox agricultural developments in America.

Under Callaway's leadership, one hundred corporations are being set up in one hundred Georgia counties. Each corporation has seven well-to-do stockholders, a good business manager, and one hundred acres of land, purchased at low prices. Each corporation

has a working capital of seven thousand dollars to put into the worn-out land, with permission to borrow three thousand dollars to further its reclamation ends. Thus Georgia has a total of ten thousand acres now being enriched and developed by corporations ready to spend as high as a million dollars on the projects. It is expected to take at least three years before there will be any return on the investment.

In terms of accomplishment, this means that Georgia will eventually have thousands of acres of highly profitable farm land, perhaps the richest in the nation. The low labor costs and nearby processing plants will serve to fatten the financial yield of these agricultural Edens. It will be lush farming, the kind that appeals to people with money to invest. The value of this land will have multiplied many times.

There are two indisputable virtues in all this. First, these farms will serve handsomely as models and examples for southern farmers. Secondly, land that was once agricultural slums will be producing bountifully.

Callaway's method for getting backers for his plan was characteristic. After rounding up, through the help of a multitude of acquaintances, what he considered were

the seven hundred leading citizens of the state, he invited them all to lunch—a score at a time—at his million dollar retreat known as Blue Springs Farms. Lunch in the Callaway manner consisted of home-raised roast mallard duck, famous scuppernong vintage wine, and a tour through his luxurious home and his wondrous farm. Having impressed them with the fruits of well-conducted, well-endowed farming, he made his speech. Eloquenty he painted the horrors that might one day befall their children if they failed to act now and invest one thousand dollars apiece in “Georgia Better Farms, Inc.”

THE VERDICT was never in doubt. The influence of Callaway's wealth and his personal air of confidence and success dispelled any hesitation or misgivings. As one lawyer put it, “This duck is darn good, but it's the most expensive bird I ever ate.” A preacher remarked, “I have no back talk to such elegance. Here's my thousand.” At the end of this series of luncheons, “Georgia Better Farms, Inc.” had a working capital of 700 thousand dollars.

It is hoped that each of the one hundred demonstration farms will be a miniature of Blue Springs, which will be described in detail later. The enterprise has the hearty endorsement of leading Georgia editorialists, not to mention the state's popular young governor, Ellis Arnall, who has appointed all seven hundred members of the one hundred corporations as members of an advisory committee to the Agricultural Panel of the State Agricultural and Industrial Development Board. Callaway is chair-

To Our Subscribers

Due to the strain imposed on mailing and transportation facilities these days, it is possible that you may not receive your magazine on the exact day it is due. If this is the case, please be patient as we are doing all we can to deliver each issue to you on time . . . and hope you'll pardon an occasional delay.

man of this panel. Further, Arnall has announced that for the next three years full time representatives of the state agricultural departments, their extension service and soil conservation service will be assigned exclusively to assist the one hundred corporations.

All of which has made Callaway very happy. "Just give me three years," he beams, "and I'll make this state."

Protests have been few and objections weak. One man suggests that there may be an unhappy post-war aftermath when the small farmer, having sold his land, will find himself jobless and homeless after war plants close. The regional director of the CIO complains that a state run by corporations is in the making and that the small farmer will be smothered by the economically powerful.

Callaway can't agree. According to him, the small farmer has had two hundred years to try his hand and has been unable to prosper. With more machinery and less labor, soil improvement, and long-term commercial credit, the land will blossom. "Georgia Better Farms, Inc." can initiate these well-recognized fundamentals, the small farmer can't. That, says Callaway, is just good business.

People familiar with Cason Callaway's history have no doubts about the success of the plan. Having made some ten million dollars in his own right, he is almost a Georgia symbol for success. Financial failure is unknown to him.

He was born fifty years ago with a gold spoon in his mouth, the son of Fuller Earle Callaway, owner of one of the South's largest textile

mills. When Callaway became president of his father's mills at the age of 27, he needed no ancestral voices to guide him in the matter of making money. He became rich with all the trimmings. Today he is a director of the United States Steel Corporation and the large National Chemical Bank and Trust Company of New York.

AFTER OPERATING his mills for eighteen profitable years, the strain became too great. Commuting back and forth from New York to participate in his enterprises there, trips to Europe, and the constant burden of full responsibility to his business made him declare that he was "going to get so far away I will never again hear the sound of a telephone in my own home."

He set about to find such a haven. While seeking his hideaway he came to the small town of Hamilton and was shown several nearby acres of forested hills with native pine and shrubbery growing densely on hill and valley. On these acres he discovered a blue spring, sixty feet deep, rock-bottomed, clear as crystal and so beautiful it takes the breath away at first glance. Callaway purchased the land.

Somewhere between purchase and building Callaway's original desire for a quiet sanctuary was lost. His house became a million dollar lodge with seven bedrooms, eight bathrooms and a telephone in every room. His woods became acres of richly landscaped play lands, with two forty-acre man made lakes stocked with bass. To this stern, elegant beauty he added a swimming pool two hundred

The April Coronet carried an article on the efforts of James G. Patton and the National Farmer's Union to improve the welfare of the people in rural America by organizing them. Now it presents an entirely different view—the efforts of an economically powerful group to save a declining agriculture by the most effective means at its disposal—money.

The Georgia Better Farms Corporation is an attempt on the part of big business to redeem the long-impooverished soil of the state by modern farming methods backed by practically unlimited financial resources. As an example of what can be done to all but abandoned land, its progress is worth the attention of anyone interested in the beauty and economic success of his agricultural surroundings.

yards long, cut out of natural rock beneath a hill covered with azaleas and dogwood blossoms. The interior of the home is lavishly decorated with rare and precious objects, glittering glass and mahogany. Every corner expresses power and pride in living. To this impressive abode, there was added an outdoor eating pavilion high on a hill that would accommodate 900 people for pot luck any day.

Callaway soon found retirement dull. He noticed hills and valleys rotting around him. Prices were dirt cheap. He began to expand his farming operations.

The once "lonely retreat" grew into a gigantic farming enterprise of 28 thousand acres. Georgia's richest and most luxurious home became Blue Springs Farms, houseguesting millionaires who came to wine and dine on roast mallard duck, fish, turkey, rare berries and scuppernong vintage, all produced on the Callaway estate.

The grimness of reality never intrudes at Blue Springs Farms. Ration books are unheard of. Having spent, in a period of five years, large sums on improvements of the land and machinery, Callaway now

has a Georgia farm deluxe with four thousand acres in cultivation, all producing soil-nourishing crops such as clover, alfalfa, and kudzu, a vinelike plant imported from Korea that is Georgia's white hope for future farming. In addition, Callaway raises four thousand wild turkeys yearly, twelve thousand ducks, 75 pure-bred cows, miles of grapevines, and acres of berries. Even pigs are raised—but at a dainty distance from the house. Tractors, rubber-tired trailers, and the finest in farm machinery chug throughout the day and harvest by night under giant electric lights. Here the retired millionaire got a vision of what could happen throughout Georgia if men with money got behind it.

"This state is going to boom," he says, "and we will leave our children a heritage of which they will be proud."

Callaway thinks a great deal about the future of his two sons and his daughter. For them he is planning an exclusive resort near his home. He hopes to surround them with millionaires because, he says, "If you expose your children to measles, chances are they will

catch them." Georgia will contain one of the world's most exclusive and elaborate home sites, and Cason Callaway will spend his last days in the lap of luxury.

Georgia is very grateful to this millionaire. The one hundred demonstration farms which he has engineered are an asset to the state. Having been ploughed under and fertilized, they are undergoing the face-lifting that is expected to set a pattern for a new day in Georgia's agriculture. They may set a pattern

for a new day in the agriculture of America. Already the hard-pressed Dakotas and Alabama, where the land is also weak, are seeking a similar savior in their state. They have appealed through their Chambers of Commerce, and Rotary and Lions Clubs for Callaway to start his plan in their states.

"I don't know about it yet," says Callaway. "It will take me three years to remake Georgia, or get it on its way, then I may or may not go into these other things."

Music Depreciation

■ STEEPING ITSELF IN CULTURE, the Athena Club of Pleasantville had just enjoyed a program by the Vienna String Quartet. At the conclusion of the musicale the newest member, an earnest soul, hurried over to one of the violinists.

"You play the second violin, don't you?" she asked with wide-eyed interest.

"Indeed, Madam."

"May I look at it?"

"Surely," said the violinist, and he watched curiously as she examined the instrument.

"Thank you," she murmured handing it back. "You know, it looks exactly like a first violin."—RUDOLPH FRANK

■ THE REHEARSAL had been going badly. Between the visiting conductor's poor direction and fiery temper, the orchestra members were beginning to mutter mutinously. As a last resort they decided to ignore the conductor and play as best they could. But when he broke his tenth baton in anger over an imagined error, the men could contain themselves no longer.

One insurgent marched up to the podium with a note: "If you do not

treat us as gentlemen and musicians," it read, "we shall get even tomorrow night by playing as you direct."

—JAY FIELD

■ RELUCTANTLY ATTENDING an evening musicale, George Bernard Shaw shrank off towards the door when he noticed the energetic hostess approaching.

"What do you think of our violinist?" she gushed before the playwright could get away.

"Reminds me of Paderewski," observed Shaw.

"But Paderewski is *not* a violinist."

"That's what I mean."

—EMERY G. YOUNG

■ A METROPOLITAN symphony orchestra had given a special performance in a small New England town. It was a new experience for many of the inhabitants. The next day some of the old timers, gathered around the stove in the General Store, were expressing their opinions of the concert.

"Well, all I got to say," commented one old character with finality, "is that it was a danged long way to bring that big bass drum only to bang it wunst."

—GRACE WILLIAMS

Here's a comforting approach to
a subject that still frightens many

1830

1945

1920

Your Health and

HEREDITY

by HERBERT L. HERSCHENSOHN, M. D.

WHEN AUGUST WEISMANN, the famous German biologist and one of the foremost authorities on heredity, pointed out in 1892 that *anything acquired during one's life-time can never be transmitted to the following generations*, he revolutionized the entire concept of heredity and tried to put an end to the fear that we are born with certain afflictions handed down from our parents and grandparents.

Men and women have many hidden "genes" or characteristics which may or may not be passed on to their offspring at the moment of conception. A homely man and an ugly woman may have a ravishingly beautiful daughter. A father may be as bald as glass, but his son can reach old age with a shock of hair like Beethoven. In a San Francisco sideshow there is a midget whose son is a husky six-footer in the U.S. Air Corps.

Even though physical characteristics can be inherited according to the laws of chance, much as one might find in tossing a coin, if these characteristics were *acquired* by a parent they could not be

passed on to the children. We know that baldness, like certain facial characteristics, can be inherited, but if baldness happens to be a complication of a severe illness it cannot be passed on to a son.

Just where heredity ends and environment begins is not always clear. If a man is brown-skinned because of long exposure to the sun, that is an example of environment. If his skin is brown because his father is an Indian and his mother is white, that is an example of heredity. But when musically famous parents have a child who is musically inclined it is not always clear whether the inclination is inherited or the result of musical environment. In diseases of the body, it is important to establish whether heredity or environment is the cause.

For example, a girl in Chicago had a goiter. So did her mother and grandmother. One might say this was an inherited disease. However, the girl moved to Los Angeles and within a year the goiter disappeared. The reason is simple. The Great Lakes area is known as

the "goiter belt," a situation which exists because of the lack of iodine in the water supply. The thyroid gland enlarges to supply this deficiency in the body, hence the goiter forms. The oceans are rich in iodine, and the people living on the coasts get an abundant supply of this vital element. Therefore, if the thyroid was previously enlarged, the gland is able to reduce in size. This clearly demonstrates the fallacy of the hereditary theory in this case and proves environment was the only factor.

Nobody expects a child to be born with a finger missing just because one of the parents happened to lose a finger in an accident. The same logic applies to most diseases. Here, for instance, is how it is applicable to Bright's Disease, or kidney trouble.

A young woman who was found to be in excellent physical condition was not satisfied with the examination she received. She suspected that the truth was being kept from her. Finally she confessed what was on her mind. She was worried because her mother and grandmother had Bright's Disease and she was sure she would inherit it, too. Investigation revealed these facts:

The grandmother suffered a serious kidney irritation from accidentally swallowing bichloride of mercury. The patient's mother suffered a kidney infection as a complication of scarlet fever. In both cases the kidney trouble was not something either of her ancestors were born with, but something which was acquired. The girl's worries were groundless.

Ten years before August Weis-

mann's startling announcement, the great Robert Koch appeared before the Berlin Physiological Society and revealed his discovery that tuberculosis is caused by a germ which he could demonstrate under the microscope. On that day the age-old myth that "consumption" is a hereditary disease should have exploded. However, human nature being what it is, for many years later even distinguished scientists clung tenaciously to the belief that heredity still had something to do with the infection.

In New York City it has been proved by the tuberculin test that a given number of children of tubercular parents are infected by the time they are four years old. But by the time they reach the age of fourteen, an additional fifteen out of every hundred become infected. According to Dr. John N. Hayes, noted authority at Saranac Lake, New York, sanatoria, "these figures do not prove any predisposition but only increased opportunity for infection. No inherited family predisposition to tuberculosis has been proved."

Cancer is one of the most dreaded diseases known. This fear is intensified a thousand times if a relative has cancer. Thus far, however, there is nothing in medical literature which proves that the common varieties of *human* cancer can be inherited.

Even though there is little reason for worrying about inheriting cancer it happens that such a worry can be valuable. It is an incentive to seek expert advice when a symptom appears even though it is true that most vague pains are transient and innocent, that the appearance

of blood can be due to dozens of conditions which have nothing to do with cancer, and that the majority of growths are *not* malignant.

If the symptom proves to be of little importance, that is good news. On the other hand, if cancer is found, the fact that it is discovered in its early stages gives every chance for a permanent cure. That, too, is very good news.

WHAT ABOUT insanity? If it is remembered that insanity, like a headache, is a symptom, not of itself a disease, then it is apparent at once that insanity cannot be inherited, with the usual rare exceptions. For example, a man was brought to a clinic because his mind was disorientated. He heard and saw imaginary things and muttered low, unintelligible sounds. It was found that the insanity was a complication of pellagra, a vitamin deficiency disease brought on by adhering to a diet recommended by a food faddist.

Because his children were on the same poor diet and were beginning to show signs of mental disturbances, can anyone say they were inheriting their father's insanity? Obviously not.

Most mental aberrations are acquired as the result of something which happens during the course of one's lifetime. It may be the complication of a disease or the result of an injury or something else which is acquired. Whatever it may be it is noteworthy, according to an article in *International Clinics*, that "since 1907 the New York State Commission of Lunacy has not thought it worthwhile to investigate the question of heredi-

tary predisposition in the patients admitted to the various hospitals."

Unfortunately, the fear of inheriting insanity is enough in some cases to pave the way for its occurrence. All it needs is one dramatic emotional crisis to start the avalanche rolling towards a mental crash. It is too bad that on the surface it appears to be a typical case of heredity because it encourages others to believe this fallacy.

As for epilepsy, here are statistics which will show how much heredity can influence its occurrence according to Dr. William G. Lennox, Harvard Medical School neurologist. In one study among patients who began to have seizures during the first year of life, only eight per cent of the patients' near relatives had a history of epilepsy. Among those who did not have seizures until after the age of twenty, only two per cent of the patients' near relatives had seizures.

The word epilepsy means, in Greek, "seizure." It can be due to many diverse causes, including accidents occurring during birth, complications of various diseases or intoxications from drugs. Heredity certainly has nothing to do with any of these causes.

The American Epilepsy League at Boston and the Association to Control Epilepsy at New York City, armed with statistics, are fighting to erase the disease's unwarranted stigma. It is stated that "the most harmful misconceptions are that epilepsy denotes insanity and that it is inherited. There is no conclusive evidence that it is inherited and medical studies show epileptics to be no different in in-

telligence from any group selected at random."

Diabetes presents a slightly different story. It is known that if two diabetics marry, all of the children will have diabetes. If one diabetic marries a person who is normal but who has a history of diabetes in the family, then half of the children will most likely be diabetic. If two non-diabetics marry, but each has a family history of diabetes, then it can be expected that one-fourth of the children will be affected. However, *if one normal individual without any diabetic family history chooses to marry someone who has diabetes, none of the children will inherit diabetes.*

Furthermore, diabetes, gall bladder disease, heart trouble and many other ailments can be traced to obesity. Could one say, then, that these conditions are inherited because a parent was similarly afflicted? Or are these conditions the result of obesity caused because a child is brought up by a family which likes to eat heavy meals?

Rheumatic disease, especially of childhood, has long been considered as hereditary. It causes a serious heart condition which accounts for at least a fourth of all heart

troubles. If heredity is a factor how does one account for the fact that improvement usually takes place when a child with rheumatic fever is moved from the cold climate of northern states to the semi-tropical states of Florida and California? Why is it that children with infected tonsils and abscessed teeth acquire the disease so much more readily than those who do not have these foci of infection?

Diseases which can be inherited are of minor consequence from a health standpoint, with the exception of hemophilia, a rare affliction. Oddly, this "Bleeding Disease" is carried from one generation to the next only through the females of the family but it affects only the males.

Color blindness is another condition which is transmitted through the woman of the family and affects males. Eight times as many men as women are afflicted. If, however, a woman is color blind, then only her sons will also be color blind. Only if both parents are color blind will all the children, boys and girls, have this odd condition.

It seems, then, so far as the relationship between heredity and health is concerned, there is little one has to fear.

Moonstruck

TWO AGED HUNGARIANS were discussing the mysteries of the stars and planets one quiet summer evening. "The sun is my favorite," said one. "Not mine," replied the other. "I prefer the moon any time."

"But why?" asked the first in surprise.

"Because," explained the second, thoughtfully puffing his long pipe, "the sun only makes its appearance when everything is bright and cheery, but the moon shows its face when the world is enveloped in darkness."

—SGT. BILL DANCH

From the files of an authority, these tales have been easier to forget than explain



Forgotten Mysteries

by R. DEWITT MILLER

THE GREAT Harry Houdini, master stage magician, spent the last years of his life fighting fraud and trickery in spiritualism. But he left in his files this record of one case which he could not explain:

"Los Angeles, April 11, 1923. In reference to photographs of Mrs. Mary Fairfield McVicker who, before she died, requested that pictures be taken over her body at five p.m. the day of her funeral, saying that she would appear in spirit form. . . I got in touch with Larry Semon (movie producer) to let me have a cameraman. At 3:45 Nathan Moss walked in with his cameras and plateholders. He had no idea what I wanted.

"We went to Howland and Dewy, Kodak representatives, for a dozen plates, 5x7. I handled the package, and walked into the darkroom with Moss. He loaded the holders with the plates just purchased.

"He then placed all the loaded plates in his grip. . . On arrival at the church we took ten exposures.

"When we returned, we entered the darkroom, and in my presence the plates were developed immediately, and on one we saw a peculiar streak. Moss made a print from this plate which caused a lot of talk. Not one photographer could explain how this could be tricked. (Signed) Houdini."

Reproductions of the photograph

in the brochure, *Houdini's Spirit Exposés*, show the "streak" as a heavy band of light with a ball of luminescence at one end. The nature of the peculiar marking was such that it was practically impossible for it to have been caused by a defective plate or camera.

Joseph Dunninger, a mind reader, found in Houdini's files an offer of one thousand dollars to anyone who could duplicate the effect under similar conditions. The offer was never accepted.



WHEN THE Swedish opera singer, Jenny Lind, conducted a tour of England in 1847, she sang in Manchester where she was approached by a surgeon of that city, a Dr. Braid, who explained that he had experimented with hypnotism and wanted Miss Lind to cooperate in an interesting demonstration. She agreed.

Dr. Braid hypnotized an illiterate factory girl, whose musical powers had received scarcely any cultivation. Then he asked Miss Lind to sing any aria she chose, no matter in what language or how difficult the passage. Following is the report of Dr. William Carpenter, a physician who witnessed the event:

"The girl followed Miss Lind's songs in different languages both

instantaneously and correctly; and when Miss Lind extemporized a long and chromatic exercise, she imitated this with no less precision, though unable in her waking state even to attempt anything of the sort. She caught the sounds so promptly, and gave both words and music so simultaneously and correctly, that several persons present could not determine whether there were two voices or only one."

That was all the world ever heard of Dr. Braid and the musically unlearned girl who was once able to duplicate instantly one of the finest voices of all time.



IN 1853, SIR David Brewster, F. R. S., at a meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, stated that he was about to bring before them an object "of so incredible a nature that nothing short of the strongest evidence was necessary to render the statement at all probable."

The object he had to exhibit was a crystalline lens. Sir Brewster, who was a specialist in optics, said he had examined it carefully, and that it was indeed a perfect lens. Now there is nothing startling about a modern optical lens, but in this case the lens was far from modern.

It had been found in a treasure house of the buried city of Nineveh, which was destroyed about 607 B. C., nineteen centuries before the first known grinding of a lens of any sort.

After Sir Brewster had displayed that enigmatic bit of crystal, there was a storm of argument. It was said that it was nothing more than

an ornament. Sir Brewster countered that he had spent his lifetime as a student of optics, and that it was "a true optical lens."

In the end, the "lens" was placed in the British Museum, where it still is.



THE BRITISH SHIP H.M.S. *Caroline* was steaming through the North China Sea, between Shanghai and Japan, on the night of February 24, 1893. At ten p.m. some "unusual lights" were reported to Captain Charles J. Norcock, and he went on deck to investigate.

There were several lights, clearly visible high in the air between the ship and the shadowy mass of the coastline. They appeared to have a globular shape. Sometimes they moved together as a mass, then they would string out in a line. Finally, after two hours, they bore northward until they were out of sight.

The following night the lights were visible for seven hours. They proceeded at approximately the same speed as the *Caroline*. Observing them through a telescope, Norcock saw they were reddish and seemed to emit a faint smoke.

Captain Norcock states that in the same locality and at about the same time, Captain Castle of the H.M.S. *Leander* saw similar lights. He published a full report of the affair in *Nature*, May 25, 1893.

No one suggested that these strange lights were aircraft, for that was ten years before anyone had ever heard of an airship. Their presence, however, is easier to forget than explain.

Bookette



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General Ike

"He planned for and supervised with marked ability and conspicuous success the planning and carrying out of the largest concentration of troops ever assembled on the American continent and their subsequent participation in large-scale maneuvers. . . . He played a major part in placing in effect the United States Army's plans for war . . . he served with distinction during a most critical period in the history of the United States. . . . He rendered invaluable service by organizing the European Theater, establishing an effective supply system and training and preparing for battle the large American Ground and Air Forces which have since played such an important part in active operations from the United Kingdom, in Africa, and in Italy. His outstanding contributions to the Allied cause and to the successes now being realized by the Armed Forces of the U. S. are deserving of the highest praise and reflect great credit upon himself and the military service."

—FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT



DAVID DWIGHT EISENHOWER
he was christened. Later he
reversed the first two names.

He was born in Denison, Texas, but Denison was only a whistle stop on the line of his life; for Kansas is home to him and all his family. Even today, whenever one of Ida and David Eisenhower's sons speaks of home, he is thinking of a small white house on South Fourth Street in Abilene.

At seven Dwight was a bright, scrappy little devil. He had yellow hair, bright blue eyes, and a lop-sided grin that got him out of lots of trouble. He had two younger brothers, Roy and Earl. Milton, Ike's youngest and favorite brother, was not born until 1899. Arthur and Edgar at ten and twelve were capable of doing a man's work, and Ida saw to it that they all had plenty to do, for on the two and a half acres which surrounded their house almost the entire pattern of Kansas agriculture was reproduced in miniature. The Eisenhowers grew corn, alfalfa, most of the garden vegetables and nearly every possible kind of fruit tree. In addition they raised pigs and Belgian hares, and had a team of horses, a cow, and at least one dog.

The boys did all the chores. Each week in turn one of them had to get up at four-thirty to make the kitchen fire. That was a chore Dwight hated. But he liked to cook. On Sunday, after attending the River Brethren Sunday School, the boys got the noonday dinner so that their mother could have the day off. It was more like fun than work, particularly the way they made pie crust. After the dough had been mixed and kneaded, the boys would roll it into a ball and play a game of catch.

Their system of washing dishes—when alone—was similar. The one at the sink would wash a dish and skim it across to the towel man, who, after drying it, would complete the play to the stacker by the shelves.

The Eisenhowers did not have to go far afield in search of amusement, with a baseball diamond on

the vacant lot and a workshop in the cellar for rainy days. Of course, in summer they went swimming in aptly named Mud Creek or the clear, cold waters of Smoky Hill River. In winter they played hockey on the river's frozen surface, using crooked branches for sticks and an old tin can for a puck.

WHEN IKE was about eleven years old his future hung momentarily over an abyss. He fell in the stable yard and scratched his knee. That didn't bother him until his leg began to throb and fire burned in his knee and flowed through his body.

The doctor said, "Blood poisoning," and looked grim. The miracle of the sulfas was far beyond the rim of the future; there was nothing to be done but pray or cut. Ike's leg grew as big as his body and began to turn black. The pain was almost past bearing. He asked for a fork and sat up in bed, chipping at his teeth with it, in some peculiar way finding relief in this distraction.

As the days passed very slowly, Ike often heard the word "amputation." "The only chance of saving your life," the doctor told him.

"No," said Ike. "I'd rather die."

It must have been on the fourth or fifth day that he became really frightened. Things seemed queer and far off; there were blanks in time when he couldn't remember. He realized that he was becoming delirious. What if the doctor came when he was unconscious?

"Edgar!" he called. "Edgar!"

His brother came into the room, looking very solemn and a little embarrassed.

"How's it going, Ike?" he asked.

"Look, Edgar, you've got to

promise me something," he said earnestly.

"Whatever you want, I'll do it," Edgar replied.

"I'm going off my nut," Ike explained. "It sorta comes over me in waves and then I don't know what's going on. It'll probably get worse. You promise me you'll stay here on guard, so they won't cut off my leg. Promise you won't leave even for a second. Promise you won't let them!"

"I promise," Edgar replied earnestly.

He sat down in a straight chair beside his brother's bed.

While Ike wandered off into the delirium he had foreseen, Edgar faithfully kept guard. He wouldn't even leave the room to go down to his meals, and his mother brought them up on a tray. At night he lay down on the floor in front of the door. The doctor came and wagged his head and argued, but Edgar only sat there scowling.

The magnificent Eisenhower constitution, his mother's prayers, and his brother's steadfastness pulled the boy through. The fever dropped and the inflammation slowly passed away. Ike came out of his room whole, and fit to pass an Army physical.

AT THE TIME Ike entered high school, he went seriously to work. Before that he had held many odd jobs such as helping at the bottling plant, or sandpapering the horses in the merry-go-round factory. Now he and Edgar alternated as night fireman at the Belle Springs Creamery.

Every other evening after supper,

Ike reported for work at the front office of the creamery. Then he went to his own domain, the engine room. Between the bunker and the boilers, Ike had an easy chair. Here he did his homework by the light of a naked electric light bulb hanging on a long cord, and here he dozed between hourly shifts of shoveling coal.

Despite all the hard work, Ike did not miss out on the social side of life. There was often a poker game on the floor between the boilers. "Joner" Callahan, who was six years older than Ike and very much a man about Abilene, took a great liking to the younger boy and often stopped in. It was he who showed Ike that poker was not by any standard a game of chance.

"You got to know the percentages," Joner said, collecting a handful of Ike's small change, "and then you have to calculate the chances. Most of all you must study the other fellow and try to figure out what he's thinking."

Ike boned up on percentages more assiduously than any other branch of mathematics. He was naturally good at estimating character and personal reaction, and his greatest delight in the game was outguessing his opponents. Quite soon the pupil was outmaneuvering his master.

This aptitude for poker might have been seen as a distant portent, if anyone had connected it—as Ike certainly did not—with the dictum of old Karl von Clausewitz that "War, of all branches of human activity, (is) most like a game of cards."

Nor did Ike neglect the girls; he

liked them in general, and he always had a "best girl." The gayest clique of the Class of 1909 called themselves the "Bums of Lawsy Lou." Ike was a welcome, if perforce somewhat intermittent, member of the Bums.

As he reached his senior year of high school, Ike was doing well in his studies—well, though not brilliantly except in history. It was this last year that he finally arrived as an athlete.

Football prospects looked poor that fall at Abilene High. The school board had a bad attack of parsimony and decided they could not afford a coach; in fact, they were determined not to spend any money on football at all. Ike was undismayed.

"Let's form an athletic association," he proposed, "and raise some money."

The first real crisis the association had to meet was how to get the team to Chapman, some twelve miles eastward on the Union Pacific, for the traditional game with the high school team there. Despite the best efforts of its members there was not enough money for carfare.

"You're president of the association," the boys told Ike. "Do something."

"All trains aren't passenger trains," Ike pointed out, "and all

the people who ride on them aren't passengers."

When the eleven-thirty-three freight pulled out of Abilene that Saturday morning, the football team was distributed under the cars on the tie rods. Thus they rode to Chapman, nailed the hides of the Chapmen to their own goal posts and traveled triumphantly home again on No. 6 mixed freight. Ike had solved his first problem in logistics.



IN JUNE, 1909, Dwight D. Eisenhower was graduated from high school with 31 pupils of his class. He stood well in the upper third. Writing about him in the school paper, a classmate expressed the opinion of his fellows by prophesying: "Ike will wind up as a professor of history at Yale."

By the summer of 1910 Ike felt that his progress through life had become a series of unprofitable circles. The difficulty was that he didn't know what he wanted to do, beyond playing football a while longer. Then his friend Swede Hazlett solved the problem. Swede had been appointed to the United States Naval Academy that spring and had gone to a cramming school in Annapolis. He could talk of nothing but Annapolis, and his enthusiasm was contagious. Ike caught some of it, and once settled on a course, he pursued it with energy.

He went to see Charles M. Harger of the Abilene *Reflector*, Mr. Howe of the *News* and Postmaster Phil Heath, all of whom promised to use their influence with Senator

When the portrait of "General Ike" accompanying his story was painted, the artist placed four stars on each shoulder, indicating the rank of full general. Since the picture was painted, Eisenhower has been promoted to General of the Army and now wears five stars in a circle.

Joseph L. Bristow of Salina to obtain permission for him to take the competitive examination for Annapolis.

In September, Senator Bristow accorded the permission together with the information that the examination would be held at Topeka in November. That gave Ike only two months to prepare. It was not just a question of passing; he had to beat everyone else. When Ike went up to Topeka to take the examination, he was convinced that he didn't have a chance; to give himself a better one he took both the Annapolis and the West Point examinations on the theory that if he didn't win one, he might make the other.

When Ike got the news from the examining board, it was a shock of sheer delight. In the Annapolis test, he was top man with an average of 87.7 per cent, and in the West Point test he ranked second.

Ike's appointment to the Naval Academy came through; but his jubilation was transmuted to despair when he discovered that the maximum age limit for entrance was twenty. By June Ike would be eight months too old. In his trouble he consulted his faithful older friends. One of them held out a ray of hope: the age limit at West Point was twenty-two; perhaps the appointment could be changed. They all wrote to Senator Bristow. When the top West Point candidate failed in his physical examination, Ike was given the appointment.

The afternoon Ike left for West Point there were only two members of the family at home—his mother and Milton, and, of course, Flip,

his fox terrier. They were waiting on the west porch when he came down the stairs carrying his heavy bag.

"Are you sure you have everything you need?" asked Ida.

"Sure," said Ike. He smiled at her affectionately. "Don't look so unhappy, mother," he said gently. "It won't be long till you see me. Only two years."

"Oh, Dwight!" she said. "You'll be so different."

She burst into tears. It was the first time her sons had ever seen her cry, and they were stunned. Milton looked up at his big brother. All Ike's casualness had vanished; his face was white and strained. He put a clumsy arm around his mother's shoulders and hugged her tightly. Then he turned to the younger boy.

"Milton," he said in a rough, commanding voice, "I'm depending on you to look after mother."

It was too much for Milton. He gave a grief-stricken howl. Flip joined in mournfully.

Ike gave the unhappy trio a look of agonized despair. Then, picking up his bag, he fled across the field.



IKE'S CLOSEST friendship at the Point was with another Kansan—Paul Alfred Hodgson of Wichita, known to his friends as P.A. He and Hodgson shared the same quarters for their entire time at the Academy. P.A. was a perfectionist, who regarded the rules as sacred and obeyed them meticulously, whereas Ike was constantly contriving ways of evading the regulations he did not like.

Poor Hodgson nearly went out

by Alden Hatch

of his mind one night in their first year when some upper classmen ordered Ike and Cadet Larkin to appear after taps in their full-dress coats.

"It's an order," said Ike. "We'll obey it."

As the slow notes of the bugle call died away, Cadets Eisenhower and Larkin presented themselves as ordered. Brass buttons flashed in splendor, cross belts were as white as foam on their beautifully fitted tail coats. But military perfection ended abruptly at the waist.

"Nothing was said about trousers, sir," Cadet Eisenhower explained.

The association between the two men was amazingly free from the minor irritations usually incident to such close companionship. With good-natured resignation P. A. gave up eating onions for four years because Ike claimed that even the smell of them poisoned him. Long after graduation, Ike suddenly discovered that onions tasted better than they smelled and began eating great quantities of them. Then P. A. thought regretfully of those wasted four years.

At the end of his plebe year, Ike's academic record, though less brilliant than his athletic performance, was definitely creditable. He stood 57 among the 212 survivors of the entering class.

But he had acquired a fine collection of demerits, and spent many an hour marching them off in the area, sweating under his dress coat and the apparently growing weight of his rifle. In the roster of his "skins," being late for breakfast formation is a frequent entry.

Another demerit-catcher was his language. "Using profanity at supper—5" . . . "Improper expression about 2:33 p.m.—4."

In a later year he got a heavy slug for: "Violation of orders in reference to dancing, having previously been admonished for same—8."

But in spite of his rugged resistance, Ike was shaping to the form. On June 30, 1912, he was promoted to corporal, though he was "busted" soon afterward. It was when the football season came around that he really began to be regarded as a credit to the Point.

Ike was justly proud as he stood on the athletic field on November 9, 1912, as the game with the Carlisle Indian School began. But that game was no victory. The great Jim Thorpe of Carlisle slipped through the Army lines as swiftly and easily as his ancestors had sped through the clutching underbrush of their native forests. The Sunday morning papers stated that Eisenhower was the only Army man who even looked like a football player on that field.

In the course of the game Ike sprained his knee. Doctors, coaches and trainers made feverish efforts to get the star back in condition. Between them all they had Ike on the field again the following Saturday.

If the Carlisle game was a disaster, the one with Tufts College was a calamity. True, Army won, but Ike's knee was seriously injured.

As he lay in his bed in the hospital one thought comforted him. He had just received a slug of "six demerits and twenty-two pun-

ishment tours in the area during the next thirty days." Ike was able to walk off his punishment metaphorically, for the thirty days passed while he lay comfortably on his back.

Dr. Charles Keller, the chief surgeon, was hopeful.

"If you are careful," he said, "and obey my orders absolutely, there's a good chance that you will play again some day."

Within a month Keller had his patient walking again, but his final advice, as Ike left the hospital, was: "Favor that knee! Don't do anything to strain it. You may take part in light drills, but in riding drill stay on your horse. I don't want you constantly mounting and dismounting."

It was Ike's firm intention to follow the doctor's advice to the letter. Unhappily he broke the resolution. It happened in the huge new Riding Hall by the river. The drillmaster was a martinet, who grumbled ferociously when Ike told him of the doctor's orders. One afternoon his patience snapped.

"Mr. Eisenhower," he shouted. "I believe you are malingering. Hereafter you will complete all the movements of the drill."

All through that long afternoon, Ike dismounted and remounted with exact precision. When he finally left the Riding Hall, he was half helped, half carried to the hospital. Dr. Keller examined the knee, and looked as though he wanted to cry.

"You'll never play football again," he said angrily. "You may not even be able to graduate."

That was no more than the truth.

Though Dr. Keller gave him devoted care, Ike's knee took so long to heal that even two and a half years later the doctor had to shade the truth in order to get him through his final graduation physical but perhaps this won't be held against his memory.

AFTER IKE's first thirty day leave in two years, he returned to the Point grumbling: "Back in the old Hell Hole!" But in his heart he didn't mean it.

It was about this time that he decided he was a woman hater. Louis Merrilett and Charley Benedict were of like mind, and they formed a sort of misogynists' club. One of its features was a pool to which each was obliged to pledge ten dollars, the entire sum to be won by the last one wedded. All three were married the year after graduation.

The Misogynists did not go to hops, unless they were boodle hops—that is, dances where food was served. In that case, they would rush in, glut themselves and rush out again.

Any evening when a hop was in progress was a fine time to play poker, because there was little chance of discovery. The women haters were frequently joined by other young gentlemen with exaggerated opinions of their ability to draw to an inside straight. Since nobody had any cash, all bets were on the cuff, to be paid after graduation. For some years after that event checks kept coming in to Ike from every Army post in the world.

Ike could no longer play football, but he still loved the game. Since

he was congenially unable to be a sideline athlete, he became a cheer leader.

It is recorded that Dwight D. Eisenhower was graduated from the United States Military Academy on June 12, 1915. Moving in the normal course of events he was commissioned as a second lieutenant in the Infantry.



IKE EISENHOWER met Mamie Doud the following October. She held out until mid-winter. On St. Valentine's Day, 1916, she accepted Ike's class ring.

Ten days isn't much time in which to get married and have a honeymoon, but in view of the tension along the Mexican border in the summer of 1916, Ike was lucky to get that long a leave. Ike and Mamie were married in Denver on July 1—the same day Ike got his first promotion—and as soon as the ceremony was over they headed straight for Abilene.

Those few days at home are probably among the highest peaks of happiness Ike has ever reached. Their visit was just as he hoped it would be, only better.

There was, however, one first-class row. Shortly after noon dinner one day, Ike started for town with the nonchalant remark, "I think I'll look up the gang."

When he had not come home by suppertime Mamie turned into a small frenetic fury. "Where is that no-account son of yours?" she demanded of her mother-in-law.

"I figure he's down to Joner Callahan's, playing a little poker," said Ida calmly.

"Jonah's, eh!" Mamie snapped.

"He'll wish he was in the whale when I get through with him."

She telephoned Joner's and got her husband.

"I'm sorry I'm so late," Ike said amiably, "but I got a little behind and have to make it back."

"You come home this minute," stormed Mamie.

"Honey, I can't do that," Ike explained patiently. "I told you I was loser."

"Come now or don't bother to come at all!" Mamie said, and slammed down the receiver.

"That ought to fetch him," she told Ida.

"Don't get too upset if it doesn't," Ike's mother advised.

It didn't. Ike ambled in at two in the morning, sure that he could soothe Mamie with the logical explanation that he had to get his money back. He found that it would have been easier to soothe a Kansas tornado, and probably would not have taken so long.

ON APRIL 1, 1917, a few days before the declaration of World War I, Ike was assigned to the 57th Infantry at Leon Springs, Texas, as regimental supply officer. Mamie, who was expecting a child in September, stayed in San Antonio since there were no possible accommodations at Leon Springs. Ike was so busy that he was seldom able to come home even on Sunday, and Mamie was very lonely.

One Saturday when he had telephoned to say that as usual he was unable to get leave, she felt she could not bear the separation any longer. Leon Springs was not far away and in the garage behind

her house stood her parents' perfectly good automobile; only, Mamie had never learned to drive. Well, she decided, now was the time. She called the man next door. Sitting in the garaged car, he showed her how to start it and what to do about shifting gears.

Sunday morning at five o'clock Mamie slipped out of the house and opened the garage doors. She climbed into the car and carried out the previous day's instructions. The engine caught. She pushed the gearshift into what she remembered as reverse. Surprisingly, it was and the car shot backward; it careened to the street, where happily the engine stalled. Mamie yanked the gear to neutral and started the motor again. When she shifted gears this time, the car moved forward and she was off.

Thirty miles to Leon Springs, thirty miles over empty morning roads, wobbling erratically, spurning forward and then slowing to a crawl, Mamie fought her way.

Outside the gates of the camp Ike, forewarned, stood gazing anxiously up the road. There she came at last; the familiar car, undamaged, moved slowly and eccentrically toward him. Ike grinned and waved.

"Hi, Mamie!"

"Ike!" shouted Mamie. "Jump on the running board quick. I don't know how to stop!"

THINGS looked good for Ike in September, 1917. He had been promoted to captain on June 1. The 57th Infantry was fast shaping up for foreign service, and the baby was due to appear any minute. Ike

hoped he would remain in Texas just long enough to see his child and then be off on the long trail that they sang about.

But on September 20 he was sent as instructor to the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. In San Antonio four days later Mamie gave birth to a son, who was christened Doud Dwight Eisenhower.

Ike hoped that his next move would be something constructive toward achieving his ambition. Instead, on December 1, he was sent to Fort Leavenworth as instructor of provisional officers. He was altogether too good at training men.

On March 1, 1918, new orders came. He was to command the Tank Training Center at Camp Colt, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

When he took over, Ike found a very knotty situation on his hands. Under his command were thousands of men, especially selected and eager to be trained in tank warfare. But there was not a single tank! Later they got one—a two-man French Renault of the type they called whippets.

It is a matter of record that young Captain Eisenhower succeeded brilliantly in this baffling task. And by the character of his administration and the force of his enthusiasm, he made the Tank Training Center a model of soldierly smartness.

The young commander was no martinet, but neither did he want to be yessed. They still tell the tale of a downy lieutenant who thought that everything at Camp Colt was wonderful.

"Get out and find something

by Alden Hatch

wrong with this camp!" he snapped at his astonished junior officer. "It's not that good. Either you're not being frank, or you're as big a fool as you make me feel."

In June, 1918, Ike was promoted to major (temporary) of infantry. And in October, 1918, the oak leaves on his shoulders were transmuted by the reverse alchemy of the War Department from gold to silver. But Lieutenant Colonel (temporary) Eisenhower never gave up striving to get to France.

Early in November of 1918, Ike came to Mamie, grinning and waving a piece of paper. He handed the flimsy sheet to her and she read aloud: "You will proceed to Camp Dix for embarkation on *November 18, 1918.*"

After the Armistice Camp Meade had been made the Army Tank School. Lieutenant Colonel Eisenhower was ordered there in March of that year. In command of the Heavy Tank Brigade, he threw himself into the work with all his energy. With the exception of one trucking jaunt across the continent, he did not leave Camp Meade for nearly two years. In July, 1920, he was reduced to the rank of major (temporary) of infantry, and given the status of student officer at the Tank School. Such regressions in rank were necessitated by the rapidly shrinking Army; otherwise there would have been an opéra bouffe collection of field officers with not enough privates to go around.

Ike would have liked to go on to the Infantry School. When his application was capriciously refused by his commanding officer it

looked as though his career was approaching a dead end.

But there were other compensations. A great source of delight was the companionship of his small son, who was now three years old. They played violent games together, and never a night passed that the Major did not tiptoe heavily down the hall for a peep at the sleeping child.

But little Icky fell ill of scarlet fever and was taken to the post hospital. Mamie was sick also, too ill to go with him, and Ike spent all his time at the hospital. There, on January 2, 1921, Icky died in his father's arms. Never since, wherever he may be, has Ike forgotten to send Mamie flowers on Icky's birthday.



ON JANUARY 8, 1921, six days after the death of his son, Major (temporary) Dwight D. Eisenhower graduated from the Tank School in command of the 301st Tank Battalion. He had orders to report to General Connor, commanding the 20th Infantry Battalion at Camp Gaillard in the Canal Zone.

The Eisenhowers' house at Gaillard had been built by the French in the days when Viscount Ferdinand de Lesseps was trying to cut a canal through the mountains of Panama. Mamie and Ike liked it in spite of its drawbacks, the first and greatest of which was the bats. The French had tried to control the malarial mosquitoes, which decimated their ranks, by importing these alleged friends of man in large numbers. It was still against the law to kill them.

One night soon after she arrived,

Mamie was awakened by an unpleasant whirring sound. She snapped on the light. Her eyes confirmed the horrid implication of what she had heard: a bat was performing aerobatics above the bed.

"Ike," she called, "please kill that bat."

"It's against the law," he argued sleepily.

"Law or no law," Mamie shrieked, "kill that bat!"

Ike jumped out of bed and dashed into the hall. When Mamie heard him come back, she stuck her head out from under the bedclothes and saw her husband standing in the middle of the room. His eyes gleamed wildly and the blade of a saber flashed in his hand. He cut and thrust. Whoosh went the blade, whiz-z-z went the bat. The bat came over low and zoomed up to the molding. Ike leaped on the bed brandishing his sword. Swish! Crash! Squeak!

"Got him!" shouted Ike triumphantly. "Now help me dispose of the corpus delicti."

IN THE summer of 1922 Mamie went home to have her second child. One day that fall, Ike stood on the dock looking up at the towering plated wall of a transport. Mamie came stepping carefully down the steep gangplank, carrying a small pink and white bundle, which was impressively known as John Sheldon Doud Eisenhower.

Everything seemed perfect to Ike after that. Even his reduction to his regular rank of captain failed to dampen his spirits.

One night General Conner and his chief of staff were sitting late in

Eisenhower's veranda workroom. In the course of their talk Ike casually referred to the "Great War."

"Call it the 'Great War,' if you like," said General Conner, harshly. "But, as far as we're concerned, that was only a large-scale maneuver."

"America is in deadly peril," he continued. "In the last war we fought for an ideal and the right to live in peace. The next time we shall be fighting for our very lives."

As Fox Conner talked Ike felt his own conviction growing. "When do you think it will begin?" he asked.

General Conner moved his hands indecisively.

"Fifteen, twenty, at most thirty years," he answered. "You see, that puts it right up to you. I may be too old. The men of your time at the Academy will be the generals."

Suddenly he pointed at Ike and shouted, "I mean you in particular. I've worked with you for two years now. I know that fine brain of yours, its skill and foresight, and the drive of your energy. The moment you leave here, get to Leavenworth. You must qualify at the General Staff School."



IN SEPTEMBER, 1924, Eisenhower, restored to the rank of major (permanent) of infantry, was ordered home. He returned, filled with the zeal of an acolyte. He was determined to fit himself for whatever service might be required of him. But authority had just the spot for such a man. Ike was ordered to Camp Meade to coach the Third Area Football Team!

1925. Although Fox Conner was

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pulling the strings for the General Staff School at Leavenworth, the obstacle of Ike's missing his own service school bulked big with the "brass hats." Major Eisenhower was ordered as recruiting officer to Fort Logan, Colorado.

Then a telegram: orders came for Leavenworth!

1926. The General Staff School was tough. Competition for first place was so keen that many a fine officer broke down under the strain. But Ike was graduated first in his class, and was placed on the General Staff Eligible List. He was now marked for advancement.

There followed a routine tour of duty as post executive, Fort Benning, Georgia, in command of "2nd Bat. 24th Infantry." Then exciting new orders.

1927. "Major Dwight D. Eisenhower: You will report to headquarters Battle Monuments Commission, Paris, France, for special duty preparing book, *A Guide to American Battlefields in Europe*."

In August, Major Eisenhower returned to become a student officer at the War College in Washington. It was his first tour of duty in the capital.

1929. Major Eisenhower was ordered back to the Battle Monuments Commission, for his guidebook and reports were minor masterpieces. Ike and Mamie found themselves in Paris again in June.

1930-1933. The years of "normalcy" had run, and the tone of life deepened as the tide of prosperity ebbed. Ike was in Washington as assistant to the Assistant Secretary of War. He hated staff duty, but he was in for a long dry spell. At first

his job was planning industrial mobilization—the arrangements for M-day, which didn't seem quite so distant now. He took an important part in founding the Army Industrial College.

At the time General Douglas MacArthur was chief of staff. He wanted a proven assistant, and one whose ability to write would help in public relations. Eisenhower was the man. MacArthur requested him, and put him in the office next to his own.

1933-1935. For two years MacArthur and Eisenhower worked in close harmony.

1935. There was to be a New Deal in the Philippines too. Quezon accepted independence on condition that MacArthur take charge of creating a Philippine army.

MacArthur decided to take his key men with him. He invited Major James Ort and Major Eisenhower to accompany him.

IN OCTOBER, 1935, Major Eisenhower started for the Philippines. Mamie stayed behind in Washington to give John a chance to finish junior high school; they joined her husband the following March.

In collaboration with Philippine officials, Ike went to work drawing up a National Defense Act which embodied MacArthur's theories of a citizen army and was based on the Swiss system of compulsory military training. And he put his pet project into effect—a Philippine West Point. He selected a site for the Academy at Baguio, up in the hills where it was cool and dry. Many of the instructors he chose were Filipinos who had been

graduated from the real West Point.

Ike had time to become a flying addict. Every day he went out to Zablan Field for a flying lesson. By the time he was good enough to solo, his enthusiasm was terrific. He could hardly think about anything else.

Lieutenant Colonel Eisenhower took his pilot's test in a two-seater trainer. They fastened a sandbag in the back seat for balance, but they didn't take out the dual controls. Ike took the plane up about four thousand feet and after a few lazy figure eights, he did two nice steady loops. As he came out of the second, he found that the "joy stick" was jammed.

Ike burst into a profuse sweat and looked at the seat behind. The sandbag had shifted and was hard against the stick. He couldn't get to it, but by main strength he managed to force the stick far enough back to get a little play—just enough, he figured, to land.

He managed it, coming in with a bounce that brought the inspector tearing up with fire in his eye. Ike pointed to the sandbag and the inspector's tone changed; he looked a little green. Ike *felt* green.

"Under the circumstances, Colonel, you did very well. Remarkably well!"

"I think so, too," said Ike, starting to climb out.

"You might as well stay there," said the inspector, "because as soon as we secure that bag, you're going up again."

Ike began to get restless in the summer of 1939. Four years was a long time to be away. The plans were all made; the work was going

forward. It was, he thought, time to go home.

On December 13, 1939, after a series of farewell banquets, the Eisenhoweres sailed for home.

After temporary duty at the Presidio of San Francisco, Ike was ordered to Fort Lewis in Washington State, as regimental executive officer of the 15th Infantry.

A story circulated that on his first inspection of the kitchens, Colonel Eisenhower saw mounds of freshly ground meat for hamburgers. As he passed by, he grabbed a fistful with one hand and a raw onion with the other and continued down the line munching contentedly while an astonished cook muttered, "My God, that must be a tough guy! Raw meat!"

Then there was the case of the feuding privates. They had been hating each other for years, and if there was one thing Ike wouldn't stand for, it was bad blood between the men. He sent for the feudists one day and ordered them to wash a window, one outside and one in. He watched them scowling at each other through the pane and finally he burst into a roar of laughter. The men broke down and laughed too. It was the end of the feud.

On November 30, 1940, Eisenhower was made chief of staff of the 3rd Division, of which the 15th Infantry was a component. His superior staff work with the 3rd earned him promotion in March to chief of staff of the 9th Corps of the rapidly expanding Army. In the summer of 1941, he was ordered to the newly organized Third Army. He was a full colonel now.

By far the most important busi-

ness of the day was the "war" between Lieutenant General Ben Lear's Second (Red) Army and General Kreuger's Third (Blue) Army in Louisiana. The Red Army was given virtually all the armor—most of it consisting of motor trucks labeled "TANK"—and was the attacking force. General Kreuger and his chief of staff, Colonel Eisenhower, had the problem of devising a defense against the Red armored columns.

This sort of thing was Ike's forte. When the clouds of dust settled on the hot roads of Louisiana, the umpires announced the result. The "enemy," it seemed, had lost every one of their tanks.

Shortly afterward, Ike received official recognition of his services; it took the form of promotion to brigadier general.



ON THE morning of December 12, 1941, Ike dashed back to his quarters. "I see you've got orders," Mamie said as he crashed through the door. "What are they?"

"Nothing exciting. I'm called to Washington. I guess they want advice on the Philippines."

"How are you going?"

"They've got a plane waiting for me at Randolph Field. I'll probably be gone only a few days. Have someone pack the small duffel bag."

In that casual fashion Ike started on the long and tortuous road to Berlin.

In Washington, he found that he was assigned to assist Brigadier General L. T. Gerow, Chief of War Plans. It looked as though he were going to sit out another war.

And in February, 1942, General Gerow was assigned to field duty and Eisenhower took his place as assistant chief of staff in charge of War Plans. In March, Ike got his second star, being appointed major general, and in April he was promoted to the vitally important post of Chief of Operations.

In May, General George C. Marshall sent Eisenhower to England for staff conferences and a tour of inspection. Ike did not realize that he, too, was being inspected.

On a hot day in June, Ike was summoned to the Chief of Staff's office. During a long conference, General Marshall discussed the African plans in detail. Finally he asked, "In your opinion, are the plans as nearly complete as we can make them? Do you approve of them?"

"Yes, sir," said Ike. "I consider them excellent."

"That's lucky," said General Marshall, with a twinkle, "because you're the man who is going to carry them out."

Ike's first job, when he reached England, was to form a British-American staff who could work together harmoniously on the great project now known as "Torch"—the invasion of North Africa—and on subsequent offensive actions already being planned.

In accordance with the importance of his new job Ike was appointed lieutenant general. The speed of his ascent in a year from colonel to three-star general was a near record.

In London, Ike pitched in with his usual enthusiasm. This job

meant a seven-day week and a seventeen-hour day. He kept in condition by tossing a medicine ball with an aide at seven o'clock every morning, to the peril of the bric-a-brac in his bedroom of their little three-room flat. The drawing room served as an office, where the General worked behind a huge flat-topped desk when he wasn't at American Headquarters or at Norfolk House, the secret headquarters of Torch. The very existence of the place was a closely guarded secret.

In spite of all the people he saw, Ike was desperately lonely. Finally he went to Major Lee.

"I want a dog," Ike said. "Somebody I can talk to, who won't mention the war."

Within a few days the General had his dog, a present from his staff. He was a sooty black Scottie, the son of a British father and an American mother and therefore symbolic of the Allied effort. Ike called the puppy by the enigmatic name of Telek.

"Why Telek?" asked the puzzled staff.

"That," said Ike mysteriously, "is a military secret."

And so it remains to the present time.

THOSE LAST ten days before the invasion of North Africa were the most nerve-racking of all for Ike. The great, irreplaceable fleets were plowing through the ocean at the snail's pace of convoys. One pin-hole in the veil of secrecy, and the whole effort might be wasted. Even though the secret had been so well kept until now, the forces from England had to pass the narrow

gateway to the Mediterranean at Gibraltar, where a thousand pairs of Axis eyes in Spain and Morocco would count and wonder.

The days were outwardly the gayest Ike had spent in London. He accepted every invitation he could find time for, and appeared everywhere, carefree and smiling. And when a few rumors inevitably began to circulate, Ike, who was about to head south, sent an aide to Harrod's to purchase conspicuously the heaviest woolen underwear in stock, a good thick sweater, and some fur-lined gloves.

Two or three evenings later the telephone of the flat rang and the General was invited to dinner at the Ritz on November 8th.

"Tell him we're kind of tied up next week," said Ike with a chuckle. "But if we have any free time we'll let him know."

The following day Ike left to establish his headquarters at Gibraltar.

Things were quiet at Headquarters in Algiers on the afternoon of February 11, 1943, when a French jeweler arrived to see the General. He proudly displayed a set of twelve handwrought silver stars. Ike examined them, smiling.

"They're pretty snappy," he agreed, "but I've got no use for so many. You should have come when General Marshall was here."

They were still looking at the stars when a British naval officer dashed into the room.

"General," he said, "I've just got a rather interesting piece of news on my wireless. Washington has announced your promotion to full general." Confirmation arrived

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in a cable from Mamie next day.

General Eisenhower celebrated his new rank by taking Telek on a visit to the front.

Ike commanded the invasion of Italy. He attended the Cairo Conference. But the long-awaited, the greatest moment of all, had yet to come. It was the invasion of Western Europe. Who? When? How?

After the conferences at Cairo and Teheran Ike heard one answer from President Roosevelt. At their meeting the President was in high humor. He looked at his General, of whom he was genuinely fond; there was a twinkle in his eye and the famous cigarette holder went up at an acute angle.

"Well, Ike," he drawled, "you'd better begin packing your duds. You're going to London."

Those casual words meant that Ike was to be Supreme Commander of the Allied Invasion Forces. D-day was his to plan, his to execute.

Ike spent D-day morning pacing the wooden floor of his headquarters tent, smoking a lengthening chain of cigarettes and writing memoranda to himself. On the morning of June 7, D + 1, his first activity was to catch up with the mail from home; he had dropped a little behind in his letter writing these last few days. Equally characteristic was his next decision: to go over to the beaches and see for himself.

Five days later, on D + 6, otherwise June 12, 1944, Eisenhower landed on the soil of France. He

was in excellent company, for Generals Marshall and Arnold and Admiral King, who had flown over from America, went with him on the U.S.S. *Thompson*. It was the first time Ike had traveled on an American destroyer.

The generals lunched with a regiment in the field. Arnold was like a small boy on a wonderful picnic; Marshall was smiling, and even Admiral King unbent. Ike felt the elation that he always experienced when he went among his troops. He found an abandoned German 88 and climbed about its carriage until someone shouted, "Look out, there!"

Ike jumped off quickly and grinned sheepishly as he noticed a sign hung on its muzzle which read, "*Danger! Booby Trap.*"

In the afternoon they drove into the petrified wilderness that had been the pretty town of Isigny. Ike's mood was somber as he stood a little apart in the market place, looking over the leveled town. Men had loved Isigny as he loved Abilene—more, perhaps, for it had been more beautiful and their roots in the town extended back nearly a thousand years.

The Supreme Commander looked eastward and northward. The dirty battle smoke stained the evening sky above, the shuddering fields where his troops fought desperately against mounting odds. But his faith in them and in himself was sure. He could not fail such men as these.

CORONET PICTURES

Page 28, Constance Bannister; 53, Press Association, Inc.; 54, 55 (top), 60, 62, 64, 70, 71, *Yank, The Army Weekly*; 55 (bottom), 56 (bottom), 57 (top), 61, 66 (top), Signal Corps Photo; 56 (top), 63 (top and bottom), 65, 66 (bottom), 67, 69, Official U. S. Marine Corps Photo; 57 (bottom), 68, Official U. S. Navy Photo; 58, 59, Official Coast Guard Photo; 77, Stanley Lazarus; 113-117, 1st Lt. Wm. Fischelberg; 119, Yousuf Karsh, 4th Cover, J. E. Welch.

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Between these Covers

■ For a long time readers have asked how Coronet gets its covers. The answer is not that they “just happen.”

This month, for example, our cover started with the suggestion that July might be an appropriate month for a bright red background. Immediately, we did two things: we asked the photographic team of Mead-Maddick (they have been responsible for six of our last nine covers) to submit Cover Girl candidates, and we set our Art Department to work on layouts.

We finally decided on Mary Wolfers, a lovely 21-year-old UCLA psychology student, whom Mead-Maddick had originally discovered boarding a streetcar. We also decided the bright red background would take the form of a summery porch blind—that for contrast Mary would wear a white suit—that her only jewelry would be a pin in the popular patriotic motif.

■ Mead-Maddick, who made the shot for us, are a charming young couple who live at Laguna Beach and work in a tiny studio in Hollywood's famous “strip.” Mary (Mead) Maddick is the vivacious, energetic planner and fixer of the family—the one who gathers props, tends to costuming and make-up, poses models, and so on. Tam Maddick does the actual shooting.

■ It used to be easy to get good props for a cover, but not today. This month, Mary Maddick was unable to find a suitable blind and ended by borrowing one of her own and painting it

with the reddest lacquer she could find. She took her sketch of the white suit we wanted to Gene Shelley, the designer. When she went pin-hunting, she found exactly the thing in an exclusive shop—but unfortunately on the lapel of a clerk. She asked to borrow, rent or buy it, but was haughtily turned down. So she made a mental photograph of it and embarked on a door to door canvass of shops, until she finally found one like it for \$17.95.

■ Most of the girls on Coronet's cover receive movie contracts. One studio has told Mead-Maddick that they are automatically interested in seeing every girl who makes the Coronet cover. Many Coronet Cover Girls are not professionals, of course. While she was going up an escalator, Mary Maddick discovered one girl. She had to make a mad dash back down—against the current. Tam Maddick found Marie Denham (Feb. 45) among on-lookers gathered to watch him make some fashion shots on the streets. Occasionally Mead-Maddick will take an afternoon off just to patrol the streets in search of new faces—Mary takes one side of the street and Tam the other.

■ Shirley John (Jan. 45) will be back next month for an encore as Coronet Cover Girl . . . Included in this lively August issue will be a condensation of Sophie Tucker's colorful new book, *Some of These Days* . . . and to top it off, Coronet will honor the memory of one of our greatest humorists, Will Rogers.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

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A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller



IN A small chapel at Northwestern University there is a statue of two hands raised in prayer. A simple statue—yet it has a strange story.

It goes back to the year 1490. Two young wood-carving apprentices in France had often confided to each other their desire to study painting. But such study would take money, and both Hans and Albrecht were poor.

Finally, though, they had a solution. Let one work and earn money while the other studied. Then when the lucky one became rich and famous, let him in turn aid the other. They tossed a coin and Albrecht won.

So while Albrecht went to Venice, Hans worked as a blacksmith. As quickly as he received his wages he would forward them to his friend.

The months stretched into

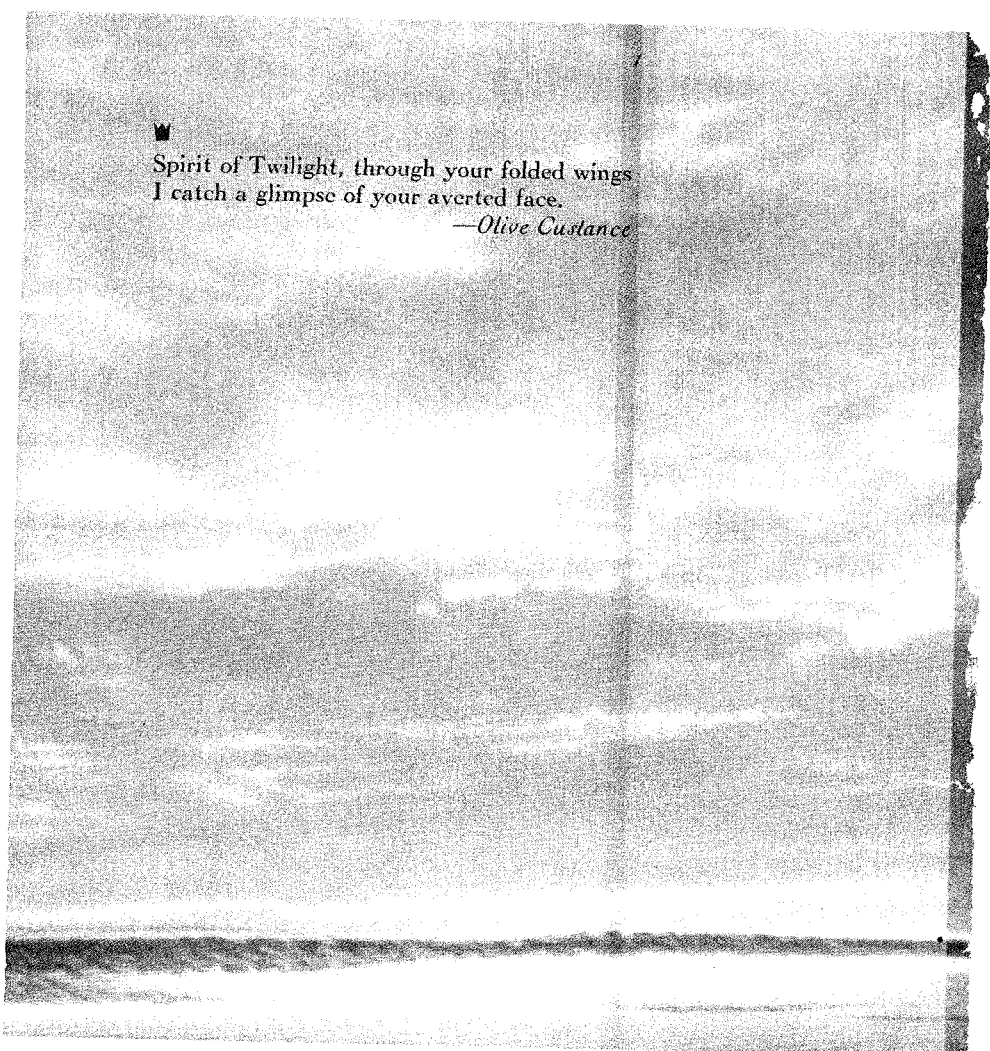
years — and at last Albrecht returned to his native land, an independent master. Now it was his turn to help Hans.

The two men met in joyous reunion, but when Albrecht looked at his friend tears welled from his eyes. Only then did he discover the extent of Hans' sacrifice. The years of heavy labor had calloused and bruised Hans' sensitive hands. His fingers could never handle a painter's brush.

And so it was in humble gratitude that the great artist, Albrecht Dürer, painted a portrait of the work-ridden hands that had labored so that he might develop his talent. He presented this painting to his devoted friend.

That is why, as a symbol of friendship and sacrifice, the masterpiece was reproduced in the chapel at Northwestern.

For five minutes filled with action . . . drama . . . suspense . . . mystery . . . for a story with a surprise ending every time . . . listen to Marvin Miller, the Coronet Story Teller. Tune him in Monday through Friday at 9:55 p.m. E.W.T. on the Blue Network!



✠
Spirit of Twilight, through your folded wings
I catch a glimpse of your averted face.

—*Olive Custance*